

The Nation

VOL. XVIII., No. 21.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1916.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K. 3d.; Abroad 1d.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	713	The Society of Friends. By	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		Sir G. Makgill, Bart. ...	729
Looking Forward ...	716	The Central-Europe Idea.	
The Need of Correlation ...	717	By The Reviewer ...	730
The Troubles of the German		Free Trade and Future	
Socialists ...	718	Peace. By J. A. Farrer	730
Five Millions a Day ...	720	The Conscientious Objector.	
A LONDON DIARY. By A		By J. B. Hodgkin ...	731
Wayfarer ...	721	Women's Maternity Hospital	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		for Refugees in Russia.	
The Victory of Time ...	723	By Millicent Garrett Faw-	
Democracy and Organiza-		cett and Frances M.	
tion ...	724	Stirling ...	731
Fast Colors ...	725	POETRY:—	
SHORT STUDIES:—		Three Poems. I.—The Dead.	
Transformation. By Dorothy		II.—Sheep. III.—Days. By	
Easton ...	726	Joseph Campbell ...	731
COMMUNICATIONS:—		THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	
The Menace to Civil Liberty.		Penguin ...	732
By Legalist ...	727	REVIEWS:—	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		Russia in the Heroic Age.	
"Our Indifference to Ideas."		By Dr. C. Hagberg Wright	733
By Adela Constance Smith	728	Prussia in the Making ...	734
Cambridge and Science. By		Florescua Poetica ...	736
E. W. Naylor ...	729	The Bishop's Entertainment	738
England and the Allies. By		Isabel of Castile ...	740
W. W. Greg ...	729	Form and Spirit ...	740
The Insect State. By G. G.		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
Desmond ...	729	Lucellum ...	742

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE great military event of the week is the capture of Erzerum. Its value may be appreciated from one angle by the immediate fall of the mark. It is of the larger order of episodes which seemed to forsake the Allied cause after the capture of Przemyśl. Kut, we are informed, is in no danger; but if the assurances of the Prime Minister are of no more precise value than the *communiqués* of the India Office, we are still in the dark as to General Townshend's position. It is clear that he will feel no immediate relief from the fall of Erzerum. His position at the present looks for help to the force of General Aylmer, which is apparently growing in strength. Elsewhere there is little to record. The local German attacks have been repeated in France, and again with some success. But their total effect is no more than that of the slight successes of the Russians below Riga, and less than that of the Galician and Bukovina advance. The main aspects of the war remain the same; but the Russian capture of Erzerum makes a significant first charge upon the enemy's future plans for operations outside Europe.

THE advance to and capture of Erzerum in a bare month represent a small campaign brilliantly pressed to a triumphant conclusion. The Grand Duke began the Caucasian operations upon January 12th, when, upon a front of some sixty miles, he advanced along the Kars-Erzerum road, with his flanks well thrown out on both

sides. The region in which he was operating presented almost every difficulty to an advance in this season. It is high above the sea-level, it is innocent of good roads, except that to Erzerum, its tracks tend in winter to disappear beneath the snow. The temperature fell to fifty degrees below freezing-point. In spite of all obstacles, the Russians continued their advance, took Koprokewi, and within ten days were within sight of the outer defences of Erzerum. This stronghold, the centre of the Turkish power in the east, had been inspected and improved by German officers during the course of the war. It was defended by a rough arc of forts facing towards the line of the Russian advance from the east, and the remainder of the fifteen forts lay on its flanks. The best opinion held that Erzerum could hardly be turned, and could defy direct attack.

* * *

AFTER reaching the outer defences of Erzerum upon January 22nd, there came a pause in the operations. The Turkish centre had been broken already, and great stores of material captured; but a modern fortress cannot be reduced without siege artillery. This appears to have arrived last Saturday. Upon the following day a fort was blown up and the site captured. On Monday another fort was captured. The following day nine forts were captured, with seventy guns, in addition to munitions and prisoners. On Wednesday the fortress was in Russian hands. What garrison was captured with it is not yet known; but the fact that such a stronghold fell in five days is almost a record for this war. It was known that Turkish reinforcements were hurrying up from the south and west, and the attack was therefore pressed with the utmost vigor. Erzerum is one of the principal stations on the trade route between Trebizond and Teheran, and it had a fortress as early as the fifth century. Its capture is the most striking Allied success for a year.

* * *

THE effect of the capture of so important a strategic centre must be far-reaching. The Russian advance eastward and to the south is barred by the Armenian Taurus as the advance of the Russian force in Persia is confronted by the mountainous edge of the Mesopotamian plain. This mountain barrier makes a long rough arc covering the Baghdad railway. The taking of Erzerum directly threatens the railway. It stands perhaps 200 miles distant and Lake Van is nearer; but the Turks cannot count upon any respite. They will be driven to draft larger forces to stem the Russian advance, and while they are so doing they cannot hold General Aylmer securely, press back the Russian troops along the Teheran-Baghdad road, and support an ambitious campaign against Egypt at the same time. Everything turns upon the dimensions of the Grand Duke's force. The Turks opposed to him in the Erzerum region were estimated at between 160,000 and 200,000. The nature of his victory suggests that he has a far heavier force in the field. If it is really adequate and sufficiently supplied the campaign may end the threat to Egypt and establish a new rule in Mesopotamia.

THERE has been a considerable amount of movement upon the Western Front during the week. The French seem to have recaptured by a series of counter-attacks part of the ground taken from them south of the Somme. They similarly regained lost ground at some points in Champagne, and were able to hold it against counter-attacks which appear to have been delivered with the utmost violence and must have been costly. At other points, notably north-west of Tahure, the Germans claim to have captured nearly half-a-mile of French trenches. They also appear to have captured small elements of the trench system in Alsace; but were unsuccessful in an attempt to cross the Yser. On Monday they made an attack upon the south-east section of the Ypres salient, after a preparation by artillery, mine-throwers, and mines. The bombardment covered the whole of the Ypres salient; but the attack was launched only in one quarter, where it gained 600 yards of the British trenches. The counter-attacks do not seem to have recovered the lost ground; but the success itself is insignificant. It is perhaps important as marking a new tactics for the war of positions. The preparation and attack may in future be carried out at much closer quarters, in fact by the extremely elaborate offensive machinery with which the trenches are now provided. This might possibly facilitate the more adequate reduction of small works which give so much trouble in an advance.

THERE have been some movements in the North Sea, during the last ten days, which raise a grave question. On Thursday, February 10th, four British mine-sweeping vessels appear to have been caught by a flotilla of German torpedo-boats which sank the "Arabis" and put her three companions to flight. The light cruiser "Arethusa," which, although only put into commission in August, 1914, had already achieved a peculiar niche in popular fame, later struck a mine "off the East Coast" and became a wreck. About ten men, who were presumably in the stokehold at the time of explosion, were killed, but the rest of the crew were rescued. This is a serious loss to the Navy, though, of course, it does not even disturb the surface of our superiority over the German navy. The graver aspect of the affair is that a flotilla of German torpedo-boats should be able to penetrate to the neighborhood of our coasts and sow mines for the destruction of our ships. We must obviously regard the two unpleasant events as part of a single operation. The difficulties of policing so large an extent of water as the North Sea are obvious; but it cannot be other than disquieting to know that there are still such large gaps in the net we have drawn round Germany.

THE Belgian Government has officially denied the current story of the German offer of a separate peace, but there can be no doubt that in some form the offer was made. There comes to it this week a singularly effective and appropriate reply. It is a solemn pledge made in concert by Great Britain, France, and Russia, to Belgium, by which they "renew by solemn act" their engagements "not to end hostilities until Belgium has been restored to her political and economic independence, and liberally indemnified." The use of the word "economic" is significant as an answer to Germany's special ambitions as to Antwerp. It is not directly specified from what quarter the indemnity shall come, and the declaration goes on to promise that the Allies will lend Belgium their aid to ensure her financial and commercial recovery. By every rule of justice it is Germany which ought to pay,

but in no case must Belgium be allowed to lose. A good point in the declaration is that it recognizes Belgium's status in the eventual peace negotiations. The German method of separate overtures is working admirably to consolidate the Entente coalition.

PARLIAMENT was re-opened on Tuesday with a brief King's speech declaring that the Allies are increasingly united on the "resolve to secure reparation for the victims of unprovoked and unjustifiable outrage and effective safeguards for all nations against the aggression of a Power which mistakes force for right, and expediency for honor." This suggests that the complete restoration of Belgium and a policy of European guarantees for the future are the two keys to our policy. Mr. Asquith's review of the war was a little colorless. He painted the progress of the war with a certain sombre precision, declaring himself unshaken in his confidence of victory, and he seemed fairly sanguine of the safety of the invested force at Kut. But he spoke with rather gloomy emphasis of the danger of the financial situation—the cost of five millions a day, the "staggering" amount of this burden, the necessity for heavy taxation and a rigid economy of private expenditure on luxuries. The tone of the House was critical and even cold.

WITH the object of improving the relations of Italy with the Western Allies, M. Briand has paid a State visit to Rome. It was a tactful step, and has doubtless done good. The chief tangible result is that Italy will take part in a forthcoming general conference of the Allies at Paris. The questions that called for frank discussion were, of course, mainly the somewhat irregular position which Italy still holds by reason of her omission to declare war on Germany. The party of Signor Giolitti is still strong, and there seems to be no prospect of a change in this vital matter. It should, however, be possible to remove some of the concrete grievances of the Italians against our shipping and coal supply, which they charge with exploiting their needs. An answer on this point was given by Mr. Runciman, who showed that the highest freights were charged by neutral, not by British, ships. But a general change in this unsatisfactory position cannot be one-sided. The time is, we hope, at hand when Italy will enter the Alliance on the same terms as its other members, and her Balkan and Adriatic policy be brought into complete harmony with theirs.

THE debate upon the defence of the country against attack from the air revealed the extraordinary state of confusion in which the air defences have so far been left, and the striking fact that the Government apparently improvised a new organization in view of the meeting of the House. In future, the sea is to be policed by the Navy, which will try and prevent the arrival of airships, and the War Office is to be responsible for dealing with such of them as reach these shores. There are to be no warnings of the approach of Zeppelins in London, and the provinces may please themselves. The merits of the new division of control are obvious; but it is now admitted that our depreciation of Zeppelins was wrong, that on the contrary we should have built them but did not, that we are only gradually making up arrears in the construction of aeroplanes, and that in fine we are doing all we can but do not hope for much. Surely the construction of aeroplanes is a simple matter. It is unwise, perhaps, to press the matter too hard; but we hope to see the War Office handle the question more firmly.

IF the Germans really expected that the United

States would enter into their new plans for submarine warfare by closing their ports to armed merchantmen, they must be sadly disappointed. It is announced semi-officially in Washington that the States' Government does not regard the arming of merchant vessels for defence as illegal, and, beyond inspecting them to ascertain that they do not carry heavy offensive guns, it will place no obstacles in the way of their clearance. Germany's new policy has, meanwhile, caused Washington to suspend the formal conclusion of the already completed negotiations over the "Lusitania" incident. The new fact has, indeed, made that agreement meaningless. On the German side, the assurance is being given that liners, at all events, shall not be torpedoed at sight. On the American side, the proposal is made that Germany shall advance the date of her new campaign so as to admit of negotiation on the question of arming merchant vessels. Washington evidently contemplates no decisive action; it has got to square its moral ideals with its irritation at the commercial effects of our embargo.

* * *

THE anxiety as to the shortage of British shipping and the rise in freights was to some extent appeased by Mr. Runciman in an extremely informing speech on Thursday. The attack called for a central directing authority, with full power to fix rates and control movements of vessels. Something short of this has been set up, but Mr. Runciman showed that the Government virtually control all the movements of British ships, and fix the rates for many of them. Furthermore, it is clear that the high rates of conveyance to Italy and elsewhere are due more to the charges of neutral ships than to our own. The fixing of maximum freights would, he thinks, be dangerous, because it would tend to drive neutral ships into other kinds of trade.

* * *

It is announced that Dr. Wilson has definitely decided to offer himself for re-election for a second term. His difficulties will clearly be formidable. No issue emerges which seems to compete with "preparedness," but on this question his most influential supporters are deserting him for opposite reasons. Mr. Garrison, his Secretary for War, has just resigned over a broad divergence of policy. Mr. Garrison considers that Dr. Wilson's military proposals are wholly inadequate. It is not known what exactly is his programme, but probably it does not greatly differ from that of Mr. Roosevelt, who, in addition to a vast increase of the navy and the professional standing army, advocates compulsory service on the Swiss militia model. At the other end of the scale, Mr. Bryan, who still has a following, opposes any increase of armaments whatever. It remains to be seen whether the main body of the Democratic party will rally to Dr. Wilson, but one is inclined to think that if the American people really is prepared for a great step towards militarism on a European scale, it will find Mr. Roosevelt the more congenial leader. For him, however, the problem is to capture the Republican machine.

* * *

In a powerful article in the "Manchester Guardian" of Thursday Sir Arthur Evans tells the story of the fall of Montenegro with startling frankness. He declares that by the compact under which Italy entered the war, our Foreign Office agreed that large regions of Austria inhabited by Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes should be annexed by Italy in the event of an

Allied victory. The chief consequence of this abandonment of Slav national rights, was that any common plan of campaign between Italy and Serbia became impossible, the Austrian Serbs lost their enthusiasm for the Allied cause, and the Croat regiments fought Italy on the Isonzo with a good will. Further, such treatment made Serbia the more reluctant to make due concessions to Bulgaria. Up to this point the French Fleet had kept the Austrian in check in the Adriatic, but Italy required that this field of war should be left to her. The result was that, at the critical moment of Montenegro's trial, the Austrian submarines dominated the coast, and made free use of the Gulf of Cattaro, which the French had kept blockaded. The Montenegrin Army was left to starve, without food or munitions. Sir Arthur Evans argues that an Italian force of 25,000 men, with guns, could have saved the key position of Lovtchen with ease. But Italy preferred to send her small expedition to Valona solely to keep her claim on this port. These are Sir Arthur's main contentions, broadly stated. We do not accept all of them, but an answer is required to his case that the arrangement with Italy has, by certain of its details, compromised the Allied cause in the Balkans.

* * *

"THE TIMES'" military correspondent has made an attempt to meet some of the obvious objections to his resurrecting in February a million men he had numbered among the German casualties in January. Three points may be noted in his defence. His method of calculation is inverted. We *know* our own casualties, and hence this is a fixed standard for analogy. The "Times" correspondent prefers to *assume* the German figures to be correct and to repudiate the argument from analogy on the ground of the German superiority in numbers and armament. But these may enable the enemy to *gain* more but not necessarily to *lose* less. The question of loss is simply one of the amount of fighting and the wastefulness of tactics, and if, on occasion, our men have been wastefully handled, the Germans have deliberately adopted and, until recently, constantly applied tactics which must entail heavy loss.

* * *

A second point is that we are not driven to accuse the Germans of absolute falsification of accounts. If they have deliberately adopted standards which only note the most seriously wounded, or have intentionally delayed the publication of the killed, this would sufficiently account for the slightly anæmic official lists. At present, the German dead on all fronts, and for continuous fighting, are represented as thirty per cent. less than the French alone. There is a third question. It is almost certain that the proportion of wounded who can, at length, return to precisely the same duties as before, is nearer twenty-five per cent. than fifty per cent. This is on the analogy of our own experience, which is surely applicable on this point. Fifty per cent. may return to the colors, but the whole cannot be counted in the number of effectives unless we are to admit a progressive dilution in efficiency. "The Times" correspondent did not make such a suggestion; but it must certainly represent the true state of affairs.

* * *

WE would strongly urge our readers to help the campaign for the economy of paper by placing a definite order for THE NATION with their newsagent or bookstall, or by sending it direct to our office at 10, Adelphi Terrace.

Politics and Affairs.

LOOKING FORWARD.

WE confess that we view with uneasiness, not so much the character of the Government's precautions against an invasion of these islands from the air, as a certain callousness of spirit in making and announcing them. The "Times" may be right or wrong in suggesting that in a short time the command of the air will be as essential to us as the command of the seas. We would fain hope that when this war is over, a first step backwards from the re-barbarization of the world will be taken, and the heavens restored to their old neutrality in the battles of the earth. But, for present purposes, we do not feel sure that our rulers are going the right way to secure the command of anything. It may be right or wrong to station anti-aircraft guns on our coasts. But it is undeniably ridiculous to place pop-guns there. It may be well to have an Air Ministry or to do without one, to concentrate the control of the service in one war department or to distribute it between two. But it is profitless to "fudge" a plan within a few hours of the meeting of Parliament, and with an obvious eye on its sentimental results. Here, as we suggest elsewhere, we envisage the weakness of democracy. So long as our rulers aim at mere demonstrations for their soothing or flattering power, seeking the appearance of safety rather than safety itself, they are practising, not statesmanship, but the arts of the wheedling nurse or the quack doctor. The world of facts is not affected by such devices; it remains magnificently indifferent, and in the hour of peril uncompromisingly hostile to them. If we are on the eve of a great development of the force of attack by the air, it is useless for Mr. Balfour and Mr. Tennant to plead the small number of deaths from the earlier raids, or (more truly) their insignificant military results, or even to claim our equality in one field of war—the lines and the trenches in France and Flanders. We must contemplate, if not by airships, by aeroplanes, a power of observation, of attack on the aircraft bases, and of defence of our own cities, comparable with that of our enemies. It is this art of prevision which dominates the war. It is clear that Mr. Churchill and General Seely were deficient in it.

The moment we raise this question of intellectual alertness, we come in contact with a far more vital application of it to our needs. How far is it cultivated in the Admiralty, at the moment when we are entering on the later, we hope the last phase, of the contest on our part to retain the control of the seas and on Germany's to break that vital chord in our defensive system? The author of the inconclusive apology for our failure in airmanship at home is also responsible for the naval policy of the country. Time and forethought are of the essence of success in the effort to keep Germany off the seas, and our own communications on them intact. We can make absolutely sure of the first object only when the German fleet is definitely beaten in an engagement, or lets the war pass without an effort to break bounds. We can only reckon on the second when the submarine menace in its

latest form and the new German design of raiding the trade routes with disguised merchantmen are equally disposed of. There may be one "Moewe" on the seas to-day: there may be half-a-dozen to-morrow. A design for a "monitor-submarine" may have failed; another may succeed. So far as prevention and counter-action go, all depends on prompt recourse to the high scientific skill now at the disposal of the Admiralty. And there again, the issue is entirely committed to the gift of executive decision which resides in the Chief of the Admiralty. The Fleet is admittedly a magnificent instrument, finely handled. But the measure of its capacity resides in the nervous and vital force of the directing agency. For our part, we are convinced that a much closer association of Lord Fisher, or of Sir John Jellicoe, or of both, with the direction of the naval war is a precaution necessary to its successful prosecution; and that this change cannot be delayed much longer.

But we wish to transfer this question of governing skill to the whole problem of statesmanship, a problem which pierces through and beyond the conduct of the war. The other day Mr. Shaw, in "The New Statesman," despairing of the mind of our governors, entreated the "Intelligentsia," of this country to organize themselves in their stead, or at least as a preventive agency for its salvage from the professionals who were ruining it. Unfortunately, the worst of the "Intelligentsia" is that it rarely does organize, and that each member of it is apt at any given moment to become a diatom and disagree with itself. But that is not to say that from those centres where conscience and care for the future of the world hold sway, and where religious faith, or the sincere study of events, or the disinterested love of mankind, shines through the mists of war, a voice of instruction and warning should not continuously reach the actual directors of our affairs. Their fault is that they have let events get into the saddle and ride them; and we may be approaching the time when they will ride us all to destruction. In such an hour what can the "Intelligentsia" do?

Well, we think they can call on our statesmen to define their terms, and if they refuse, must do it for them. We are well on in the second year of a war which, like a stone thrown into a pool, steadily enlarges its circle of disturbance over the area of the civilized and half-civilized worlds. This is not a fact to be merely ignored by British statesmanship. The Government's readiness to accept a debate on the question of peace is behind rather than in advance of Parliamentary procedure elsewhere. Debates, not indeed on the terms, but on the spirit and intention of a peace, have already occurred in the French Assembly and the German Reichstag, and we note that the Home Committee of the Prussian Diet has recently passed a resolution that a discussion on "the general lines of our peace aims should be opened as soon as possible." Here an almost complete reticence prevails. For months our statesmen have been sitting tongue-tied behind the censorship, regardless of the numbing power it possesses over the mind of the country.

Yet an analysis of their earliest utterances on our war-aims would not be unprofitable. When we examine

the formulæ in which our governors have expressed the British aim, we usually find them reduced to the phrase which we believe Sir Edward Grey has always chosen as specially representing his view—the future security of Europe. On this we will venture to make three observations. "Security" is quite inconsistent with the dominance of any one Power. That was the Roman dream. It vanished with the Roman Empire, and is no nearer revival by William II. than it was by Napoleon. Security, again, can no longer rest on armaments. And it can only be attained by the general consent of the national Powers sitting in a continuing council, and subject to an order more truly international than anything they have hitherto brought into being. Now, who in the world of statesmanship is preaching this ideal? No one, save, again, Sir Edward Grey in some unexpanded phrases uttered in the last moments of embarrassment before the outbreak of war. Who believes in it? No one who thinks, as the German Great Staff may think to-day, that physical force constitutes the last word in modern government, and that force alone will set Europe back in equilibrium. To-day, the German Staff may hold that the land war has given them an advantage, and our Staffs and statesmen, agreeing with that finding, say that before they can discuss peace the advantage must pass to our side. It has so passed at sea, or, rather, it has never been yielded to the enemy. But to-morrow the conditions may change. Military Germany will find that she is beaten, that all her crude Bernhardism was a bad dream. But the force-wielders having shot their bolt, the spiritual sides of the conflict will begin to re-appear. Then no Government in the world will long be able to stay the voices of reason and of appeal. They will not come from one country alone. They will be, in effect, a general demand of conscience and sanity which an unprepared statesmanship may try and suppress (with the result of bringing about revolution), and a prepared one will welcome and guide.

This is the moment for which the real watch-dogs of civilization—i.e., the men with an affectionate insight into life and a religious belief in it—must be waiting, and which they must seize. It is impossible to hasten it. Terrible powers have been loosed; they must be visibly put on the chain again. It would be a fault of equal gravity not to perceive and use the hour of true release from the grip of this world-war. And when we feel that we are free, we must remember that the time has come to speak of peace as the sole guarantee of freedom.

THE NEED OF CORRELATION.

It is natural that critics in this country should be more alive to the weaknesses of the Allies than to their strength. We see with a clearness that nothing can obscure the difficulties of our position, and tend to measure our achievement not by its effect upon the enemy but by the disproportion it bears to our desires. It is hard to regard the war objectively, and to apply the same standards to friend and foe. As a result, we tend

to have two standards, one of which is applied to the success of the enemy and the other to the Allied success. The final effect of such subjective weighting of the scales is depression. It is quite common, for instance, to regard the same problem as possible of solution for the enemy, but impossible for the Allies. Thus we have heard time and again that the Allies could not invade Serbia because of the difficulties in communications. But we have never thought it a miracle that the enemy should sweep through the country, and even accelerate his pace as he reached the mountainous heart of it.

We cannot think that such a point of view obtains with the General Staff, and for us it is perhaps wiser to accumulate a fairly heavy depreciation account against the wear and tear of a campaign. But it is not the way the German populace is treated, and we undermine our moral and lessen the force of our onset by a too frequent tendency to apply the measure of the enemy's *communiqué* to our successes. Thus, at present, we are witnessing a wide and fairly successful sweeping movement by the Russian armies in the Caucasus and Persia, and we hesitate to give due weight to it for reasons which generals of decision in this war have frequently defied. The army in the Caucasian region has accomplished a very great feat of arms. It has captured Erzerum and its arc of forts. At the same time, the Russians in Persia are advancing down the Teheran Road towards Baghdad. Now, the surface meaning of such operations is that Russia is carrying the war into Turkey with a directness and energy she has never before been able to show, and that Turkey, who met Russia towards the end of 1914 with a really first-rate plan, which only just fell short of a great success, is showing herself singularly inept in face of the present threat.

If we wish to measure the value of the success of our ally more critically, we must take into account the fact that over the whole area of the advance the Russians are approaching, but have not yet approached, the mountain barriers which have loomed large in ancient history. The Armenian Taurus stand in front of the army of the Caucasus, and the rim of the Mesopotamia plain confronts the Persian advance. Let us admit these obstacles to be the handicaps they certainly are. But let us bear in mind that they operate both ways. To re-capture Erzerum, the Turks must cross these tangled mountain heaps nearest to the Russians about Lake Van, where they are worst to negotiate, or nearer Erzerum, where the Russians are in greatest force. And if there are no roads for the Russians, there are none for the enemy. But the meaning of the taking of Erzerum is that the Russians are making headway against the historic bulwark of the Caucasus, and are within 200 miles of the artery which supplies Mosul and Baghdad. What is the total effect of this sweeping movement? Surely it is this: It shows no prospect of immediately relieving the critical condition of our force at Kut. We hope that that is being accomplished by the reinforcements which are hastening to General Aylmer. But as we do not hear of General Aylmer retreating, he may be taken to have achieved a position of equilibrium with the Turks below Kut, and with enough reinforcements should be able to

advance when the weather improves. To detain him, further Turkish forces would be wanted, and how Turkey is to send them with a Russian army gradually, if slowly, advancing in an arc parallel to the Aleppo-Mosul-Baghdad railway, is the precise difficulty of von der Goltz, and the measure of the value of correlation of effort. Force must attract force; so much is certain. Mountain fighting is no new thing; the Turks have shown some proficiency, and the Russians a greater aptitude for it. If no effort is to be made to stave off the threat of an advance upon the German dream railway to Baghdad, then Kut may spell disaster for us. But the chances are that Russia is again, as in August, 1914, saving her ally from the full weight of the force she has challenged.

That represents one face of the medal. The obverse is that shown, to take but one instance, by the British failure at Loos. For whatever we may think of it, there can be no military glory in sending a gallant division to skirmish at large east of Lens with its flank in the air. The 47th Division on its right could not give any assistance, since its right flank was also in the air. What can there be behind the strange lack of synchronization of the British and French attacks? The French did not go forward until Lens was won and lost. We need not deal too hardly with the distance of the reserves in the face of a British attack made at 6.30 a.m., and a French attack upon the right of the British, only at 12.30 p.m. Is it to be wondered at that the Germans in Lens were able to organize a counter-attack on the Highland Division that had anticipated their time-table? It seems hardly possible to think that the day was not already lost when such a hiatus in the Allied plans was agreed to, and it is difficult to imagine Foch in the wrong. Whoever was to blame, there is the problem, and the inevitable result.

We hear at present rumors that the communication between the General Staffs of the Allies is to be developed still further into unity of direction. This is both a most desirable and extremely difficult experiment. Generally speaking, there is everything to be said for the correlation of plans, and nothing to be said against it. But under such a *régime*, who would have dared to direct that the gallantly rash excursion should be made into East Prussia in August, 1914? And who would have been strong enough to condemn Russia to the long ordeal of April to October, 1915? It may be the soundest military policy to leave a gallant Ally to bear the whole force of the enemy, if he has the power to waste it, and is in no danger of succumbing under it. But unity of command would imply a weakness incapable of such heroic methods. While these sacrifices may be accepted, if there is no clear way of doing without them, who would dare to direct them? That suggestion marks the limits of a unified command for the Allies. No such command is possible with the Allies as works so well with the enemy. We have each our own national standpoints to consider, and our national spirit which, though it may shrink from no sacrifice, cannot always be driven to it by external ruling.

Yet concentration of force is of little worth without correlated effort. The ideas are, in fact, correlatives.

We have none of the effect of concentration until the force so accumulated is shaped to one plan. We have so far had too much isolated effort. It may have been partly inevitable; some of it undoubtedly was, but certainly not all. It is too much to expect that all the Allies will be ready at the same moment to go forward with adequate reserves and with munitions accumulated for every emergency. It is the rôle of the enemy to prevent this in every way possible: to force a dispersion where he visualizes a concentration, to encourage costly counter-attacks where he knows us desirous of accumulating reserves and ammunition against "the day." It must be our purpose to bear with such distractions as best we can, and to decide upon a common offensive upon all the main fronts on the day most convenient for all. We can no longer allow our chief enemy to use his army as though it were two, by acquiescing in his transport of troops from one front to another. We ought to have enough power to achieve victory if we strike together.

THE TROUBLES OF THE GERMAN SOCIALISTS.

EVERY mind that has still leisure and hope to speculate, is busy in defining to itself the changes in international structure which might secure lasting peace. We are often disposed, however, to think that the changes in the internal structure of certain Powers are to this end very much more important. Rousseau said of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre's "Plan of Perpetual Peace," that the only element of impossibility about it was that it should ever be adopted by kings. It is the rule of certain castes which makes the impossibility to-day. We think we could mention two or three constitutional changes, all of them moderate, which might have prevented the outbreak of this war. If Austria had adopted some such federal scheme for her nationalities as the murdered Archduke desired, if Prussia had got rid of her three-class franchise and thus laid the axe at the root of the tree of the ascendancy of a caste, and if the Duma had won for itself even as much power as the limited Reichstag possesses, the spirit, the atmosphere, the outlook, and the mutual relations of the peoples of Europe might have been greatly changed. The keys of the future are still in great measure these three, and one listens with strained attention for the least noise which indicates that any one of them will turn. What will happen in Germany depends in part on the length, the outcome, and the settlement of the war; but it must also be affected by the deeply interesting movement which is now going on within the Socialist Party. If it is split or weakened it is hard to see what force there will be at hand to quicken or compel a popular re-shaping of the Prussian State. If the warlike majority should control it, we could hope for no bold or stimulating action, and at best it might serve to strengthen and support such feebly Liberal intentions as the Chancellor, a weak if well-meaning man, is supposed to cherish. If, on the other hand, the anti-war section, which has shown of late some moral courage, were to direct its destinies, we should see once more what we saw in the critical days of Prince von

Bülow, a middle-class coalition to crush or neutralize the "unpatriotic" Social Democracy. It is hard to say in which of these events it would exert the more salutary influence. A feeble but numerous popular party, bent on good behavior, and sunning itself in the smiles of the better elements of the ruling caste, may sometimes be paid in concessions, if there is a real will to concede anything. A defiant revolutionary party may, on the other hand, be execrated, out-voted, and suppressed, and none the less extort by its hard but losing fight more respect, more apprehension, and larger concessions than the respectable Opposition.

The threatened split is undoubtedly serious, though as yet the abler and soberer men in both sections seem anxious to avoid it. We question if there would be much risk of it, if the attitude of the party on the war were the only line of division within it. The war created an almost insoluble problem for any democratic party, however pacific, in a Continental State. The German Socialists were undoubtedly hypnotized during the rushing days before the war broke out. They realized the peril fairly early, and demonstrated all over Germany on the last Sunday of peace, but the clever action of the Government in tolerating and even encouraging their manifestations, seems to have convinced them that the Chancellor at least was striving for peace. The sudden crash overtook them as it overtook the whole of Germany in carefully prepared psychological conditions. Nothing was known of Serbia's virtual acceptance of the ultimatum or of Sir Edward Grey's proposals for mediation, and the Russian mobilization occupied the whole forefront of public knowledge. Before the march into Belgium was known, a magnified version of a Cossack reconnaissance across the East Prussian frontier raised the spectre of invasion and national peril. Jaurès used to argue that the duty of the working class was by strike or even by revolution to hamper the war preparations of a Government bent upon aggression. He meant the aggression that begins with diplomacy. But for the plain man in all countries the only aggression that counts is actual invasion. He may know that his country is in the wrong, but his instinct of self-preservation will urge him to defend her soil. We know now that the party in the Reichstag was sharply divided in these first days. Many would have abstained from voting at all. Others, like Kautsky, would have voted the credits only in return for definite pledges against a policy of conquest. A bare majority decided on the weakest course of all, to condemn the diplomacy, to vote the credits, and to demand no pledges. Liebknecht alone openly revolted at this stage, but brave as his attitude has been, it has been too individual to exert much influence. The minority continued its battle within the party. It was strong enough to obtain repeated declarations against any policy of conquest and annexation. It even secured in the summer of last year an apparently unanimous demand from the party that the German Government should there and then initiate negotiations for peace. These were not small successes, but none the less the minority went much further, and broke away at last from the iron tradition of party discipline. Twenty of its members,

convinced that Germany was no longer in danger, voted against the war credits, and twenty-four abstained. They have been censured by a solemn party vote, and lectured by the warlike press, but so far their daring has not led to isolation. Party meetings in the constituencies as often as not support them, and no real decision of their challenge is possible until a congress can discuss their action after the war. For the moment, the German Socialist Party is in the trenches, and no one knows what it thinks.

Beneath this incompleting schism there rages an older and broader line of cleavage. The anti-war section, with the one conspicuous exception of Herr Bernstein, is mainly the severe orthodox Marxist revolutionary section. Up to the war it had, on the whole, led the party, but with ever-increasing difficulty, and only by precarious votes. The warlike party is in the main "revisionist." Advanced parties are apt to be as conservative as other social groups. For a generation the whole German Socialist movement has repeated its consecrated formulæ, talked of the class-war and the inevitable historical tendencies and the international, and preached the ultimate revolution, much as orthodox believers mumble phrases about the wrath to come. The war shook it out of its dogmatic slumbers, and apparently the majority awakened one August morning to discover that it had never really meant one word that it had said. Its Scheidemanns, Südekums, and Heines swam in the glory of a sudden popularity, and decided to suspend the class-war. Some of them renounced the international for ever, and in the plainest words. One or two even suggested a permanent reconciliation with the House of Hohenzollern, and the dropping of the Republican pose. A disintegration which might have required twenty years in time of peace was accomplished in as many days.

Nor was this all. Among the trade union leaders, who hitherto had been tightly affiliated to the Socialist Party, the emancipation was even more complete. They talk not merely of dropping Socialism, but of dropping politics. In articles and speeches, which seem to show a concerted understanding, the real chiefs of the bigger unions are talking of the barrenness of the revolutionary tradition, and threatening that if the minority, whom they seem to regard as theorists and "intellectuals," persist in their pacifism, the unions will retire from politics altogether, and devote themselves to "realism," to questions of wages and hours, and the reform of industrial legislation. They do not see why a working-class need have a national, still less an international, policy. They are talking as the older generation of trade unionist leaders used to talk in England in the remote days when the Labor Party was forming. Their most startling action has been to pass a resolution in the name of the trade unions repudiating even the wish for a reform of the Prussian franchise until the war is over.

It is hard to be sure of one's diagnosis of this singular development, with nothing but censored newspapers as a guide. Is it an excess of patriotism? Is it a wish for popularity? Is it real indifference to such issues as the franchise? Or is it simply the irritation

of uneducated and rather narrow men against the abler and more far-sighted heads, who have dared to be unpopular? Probably it is all these things. But on any showing it does seem to mean that at least the trade unionist officials are not, and probably never were, deeply in earnest on any purely political issue, and that they are penetrated through and through by the modern German materialism, which means for the capitalist class profits, cartels, concessions, colonies, and for the working-class wages and prices. It does not follow, however, that the trade union officials really represent the masses, above all the masses in the trenches. It may happen that questions of taxation will teach them very sharply, when peace comes, that politics and even pacifism have a bearing on working-class budgets. This whole phase of disintegration may prove to be merely momentary. The future in Germany is obscure and incalculable; but, as far as we can read it, we should draw a less hopeful augury for German democracy and European peace if this unlucky and demoralized party were to shed its gallant minority and lose the intellectual inspiration which such men as Kautsky and Bernstein can give.

FIVE MILLIONS A DAY.

IN a few terse sentences towards the close of his speech last Tuesday, Mr. Asquith made one more attempt to get Parliament and the nation to realize that the war was not only to be fought but to be paid for. Hitherto we have steadily refused to envisage this financial obligation in its real dimensions and in the personal efforts and sacrifices it involves. We have gone on cheerfully authorizing illimitable expenditure, content to leave it to our "great national resources" and our credit to meet the bills as they fell due. During the first year of war we got along quite easily by calling in the great floating funds which financed foreign trade, and by diverting to war-purposes the national savings available for investment. No serious attempt at war-taxation or personal economy was made until the best part of a year was gone. Last spring, when the costs of war were seen to be advancing rapidly, there was loud talk in high quarters of drastic taxation and a national campaign of saving. It came to very little. The prosperous classes learned, to their relief, that "drastic" taxation only meant an addition of 40 per cent. to the income-tax and a moderate and far from water-tight scheme of taxing war-profits. They went on applying their surpluses at a rising rate of interest to the War Loan. But no considerable curtailment of personal expenditure was made, except in certain professions where the income was greatly reduced. Many business men to their surprise discovered that war, far from injuring them, brought increased prosperity. Wherever war-expenditure flowed it meant full employment and high profits. Whole towns and districts engaged in munitions and other war work are reaping enormous gains. The shipping trade earns fabulous profits. The metal and machine-making trades in general, coal-mining, banking, are earning immense dividends.

Some portions of these surpluses will be taken in war taxation, more will flow into War Loan. But no patriotic appeals to cut down expenditure have had any appreciable effect in reducing the consumption of these successful people. Is it, then, to be expected that the wage-earning families in these and other trades where war has brought full employment and higher wages should suddenly take on a new habit of saving which never had been possible before? It may as well be recognized clearly that to expect workers, who in normal times could not put aside any considerable sum for future emergencies, to respond suddenly to a new patriotic appeal, is to expect a moral miracle. The miracle will not take place. We believe that both among the well-to-do and the working classes there is an immense amount of waste, or needless consumption, which could and should be stopped, and the money expended upon it turned into the coffers of the State.

But we find it impossible to hope that this economy in either class will be undertaken voluntarily. It requires a higher general level of reasoning and imagination than actually exists to enable people to realize the public utility or necessity of each little concrete piece of self-denial they are invited to undergo. We know families where this aspect of patriotism is kept constantly in view, where every article of consumption is carefully canvassed in its bearing on the war, where not merely luxuries are cut off, but special regard is paid to the duty of reducing the use of all imports or other articles involving materials or labor serviceable for munitions. But such families are and will remain exceptional in their intelligence and patriotic zeal. The vast majority will not practise the economy that is needed, unless they are obliged. Nor do we think that public opinion can be mobilized effectively to enforce this obligation.

If it be necessary to carry on the war through another financial year, it is evident that the five-million level, which Mr. Asquith thinks we have already attained, will be considerably exceeded. Indeed, another year of war could not cost this country less than 2,000 millions. A considerable part of this sum would consist of financial support to our Allies, eventually recoverable. But this does not ease the immediate pressure of the financial problem. The notion, therefore, that any small retrenchments in local expenditure, accompanied by a propaganda of private thrift, however desirable both processes are, can make any large contribution towards its solution, is manifestly absurd. What is needed is a National Board to support the Treasury in regulating for war purposes the entire economic resources of the nation. On the side of war expenditure itself one reform is of the first urgency, namely, the full resumption by the Treasury of the control over the spending departments which it has allowed to lapse. The scandalous waste of public money for war-work which is now common knowledge, everywhere driven home by glaring local illustrations, not merely adds enormously to the total war-bill: it is a direct deterrent of saving. Why should a private citizen stint himself in the face of so much public extravagance?

Of the five millions already needed, a little over one million is got by existing taxation. We ought not to assume that it is right or possible to get the other four by borrowing. At least a second million ought to be taken by enlarged taxation, directed at the surplus income of the various classes. A far steeper gradation of the income-tax on the higher levels of income is required. It is a thoroughly unsound war-economy to leave to the man with an income of £100,000 two-thirds of that sum for his own private use. The whole income-tax should be temporarily revised in the spirit of a conscription of wealth, designed to take, not a proportion, but the whole of what each family in the nation can spare, having regard to the efficiency of its members and any contractual obligations which the income may have incurred. If, as we think necessary, the income-tax is used as the chief instrument of this emergency finance, it should be applied rigorously to include those working-class incomes which, owing to rises of wages, temporarily attain the two-pound-a-week level.

Hardly less scandalous than the light taxation of the millionaire is the total escape from direct taxation of the munition workers, who, in not a few instances, are earning a regular sum of from ten to even twenty pounds a week. Over large districts of the country the workers are in receipt of money incomes far larger than is required to meet the rise of prices. It is natural enough that this money, partly the result of longer hours and the pooling of more individual earnings, should tend to flow into the purchase of comforts and luxuries hitherto unattainable. But the need of the nation is that such expenditure should not occur. The spare means of the worker, as well as of the leisured rich, is required for the emergency. Mr. McKenna must well understand that he cannot get enough to support the new costs of war from the purses of the well-to-do classes alone, even if he doubled the tax rates and raised the interest on loans to six or more per cent. The money simply is not there. The shift in distribution of wealth, owing to shortage of labor, has placed not only a larger amount but a larger proportion of the general income in the hands of the working-classes. They must contribute from this war-surplus to the Exchequer. It is the business of the Government to explain this necessity and to devise means of securing the money. If, as we feel confident is the case, no arrangements for voluntary thrift, through the Post Office or otherwise, will be effective, the only alternative to an income-tax collected weekly from wages, is a compulsory loan similarly collected, and bearing a rate of interest equal to that obtained by the members of other classes. We admit that it wants courage to apply either of these methods of levy upon the wages of the workers. But if the step were accompanied by a really drastic increase of taxation of the rich, we do not believe that the opposition would be serious. In any case it is impossible to show how a five-million-a-day war can be run for any length of time unless the Government is prepared to make all classes of the nation realize the size of the personal sacrifices they must undergo for the support of their sons and brothers who are risking on their behalf something dearer than property and material comforts.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

"ADVICES from Germany," so far as they exist, do not, I think, suggest that the German Government is ready to make a proposition of peace, or that she has made one. They rather point to movements of opinion, which in their turn show an increasing desire for a settlement. Some observers, for example, think it significant that leaflets are put about in great numbers in the towns with appeals, such as "We want peace," "We must have peace," and that the police abstain from seizing them. Others, again, point to the serious effect of the scantiness of fat foods on the health and nerves of women and children. The people, especially the women, get increasingly nervous, excitable, uncontrollable. The surface unity and determination remain great, and the political atmosphere shows little change. But it does not harden, witness the indirect advance to Belgium, whose reality, after the Curzon Mission and the counter of the Allies, can hardly be denied. On the whole, the hopes of peace do not recede. Nor is the Russian victory of Erzerum likely to retard them.

TARIFF REFORM movement No. 2 seems to be promoted in much the same fashion as Tariff Reform movement No. 1. I hear of the same dining campaign (which was also adopted to carry conscription), the same request for supporting cheques (one famous champion was mulcted of £250), the same conscription of wealth in the noble cause of self-interest, together with a new and very sordid exploitation of a great national trouble. But it should be understood that on the Free Trade side there is also an awakening, not indeed in the orthodox direction. I dined the other night with a friend whom I should describe as one of the ablest and staunchest of the individualist Liberals, who had played a considerable part in the last Free Trade campaign. I found his point of view quite changed. He remained anti-Protectionist. But he did not think that a negative statement of the Free Trade case would suffice, or that the joint stock system was adequate to carry the country through a crisis such as its commerce would have to face after the war. He was willing to make concessions to Socialism, and to say, with clear emphasis, that there must be a closer grouping and more vital organization of the most important of the great industries, with State support, direction, and suggestion at their back, and a corresponding educational development. Clearly this is the direction in which we shall travel. There can be no vulgar game of private profit played with the country's needs.

STUDENTS of the controversy on the Ministry of the Air have been amused to note a certain delicate suggestion and withdrawal of distinguished names in connection with it. Lord Northcliffe's nomination—and it is by no means the worst conceivable—has been made from without and cancelled from within the magic circle of the Press. From within the pages of an edition or two of the evening papers Lord Curzon's more massive pro-

portions have emerged and mystically faded away again, like the Cheshire Cat in "Alice in Wonderland." I fancy there was more in this later apparition than met the eye. Would Lord Curzon have been unwilling to undertake this service? The air is not India, but it is almost as splendid a position to observe the world from—and to be observed by it.

THE "Standard" has in these days passed out of the list of newspapers that it was necessary to read, and yet one hopes to see it revived as the result of next week's sale of its copyright and goodwill. There have been a good many "Standards." There was the older "Standard" of Lord Salisbury, of which I knew nothing. There was the "Standard" of Escott and Mudford, and the famous onslaught on Lord Randolph Churchill. There was the Free Trade "Standard" of Mr. Sidney Low. And there was the Protectionist "Standard" of Mr. Pearson. The Mudford "Standard" was that which gave the key to the later power of the journal. Mr. Mudford was not an especially genial, versatile, brilliant personality. But he was a singularly robust and independent one, being in fact the type of the older editor who was equally competent at editing and management, and whose personality kept his paper prosperous, powerful, self-respecting, competent, well-informed, and therefore feared. He was almost a recluse, and he worked the paper not from the office, but from his house. But his supervision was mercilessly close and accurate. He was a very just man, and the few who knew him well and whom he trusted liked him.

"TOBY, M.P.," in "Punch," is an old friend, and I should be sorry to think there was any spiritual reason for parting with him. I don't suppose anyone ever took so much trouble as Sir Henry Lucy to tell us what the House of Commons looked like, and, luckily for the world, the observing eye was that of a humorist. Otherwise his indignant readers would have removed him years ago. This subject, indeed, continuously lost color; for the later Houses of Commons did not happen to be so rich in eccentric personality as those in which the later Disraeli and Gladstone figured, and which (owing perhaps to the fact that it contained the last of the Lever types of Irish country gentlemen, and that it was so largely ruled by the bottle) were really a hunting-ground for the humorist. "Toby, M.P." frisked through this gallery of rather Hogarthian pictures with singular ease and grace. How deft some of his touches were! I recall one entry: "Went into the House of Lords to hear Gibson." Not everyone would have guessed from this that the Gibson of those days had a voice of an even more startling resonance than Mr. John Burns's.

I HAVE before me a batch of correspondence revealing, I am sorry to say, a great number of cases of misdirection through Mr. Tennant's statement that men under the Derby scheme rejected as medically unfit would have to present themselves for a second medical examination. In most of them there has been a quite improper enlistment. I do not know what value the nation can expect to get

from a mass of invalid or semi-invalid soldiers. But there it is. I subjoin some cases:—

(1) A man rejected as "organically unsound" applies for an armlet, and is told he must attest. Is then promptly grouped.

(2) A similar case of a man with valvular disease of the heart, of whom his doctor said that he could not walk across the room without danger to his life. He, too, has been re-examined and grouped.

(3) Rejected as medically unfit on December 10th and given a white card by recruiting officer. Presents himself again on February 4th—believing that a second examination was compulsory—and accepted.

(4) Boy entering Army direct last December rejected as medically unfit, the doctor saying that if sent into the trenches it would be certain death to him. Tuberculous family. Attested in belief that a second examination was necessary, and passed.

(5) Rejected in November under the Derby scheme, doctor saying that "training would probably kill you," received certificate from recruiting officer; request of armlet refused. Re-examined in the belief that it was necessary, and then marked for clerical service.

(6) Old sufferer from colitis, medically rejected; attested and re-examined again, found to be unfit, but told he must await ordinary mobilization notice, and then go before the Board.

(7) Justice of the Peace writes complaining that certificates by recruiting officers as to medical unfitness refused and men told they would be conscripted unless they submitted to a fresh examination.

These are all the cases I have space for, but I have received many other similar communications. Many suggest that they have been practically forced into the Army by the authorities refusing to endorse their own recruiting officers' certificates of rejection. I am not surprised to hear that widespread distress, doubt, and indignation prevail.

How the Money Goes. Foreman seeking a place in a munitions factory. Official—"What salary do you want?" Foreman—"£300 a year." Official—"Sorry we have nothing at that figure. But we have a post at £500 a year, if you care to take that."

THE war does not seem to have destroyed marriage. I am told that the weight of 22 carat gold stamped by the Goldsmiths' Company in 1915 is double that stamped in 1913. 22 carat gold is mostly used for wedding rings.

HABEAS CORPUS DEFENCE FUND.

I HAVE to acknowledge, with thanks, the following further sums received for this fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged	79 16 0
Anonymous	25 0 0
"P. A."	1 0 0
Captain G. R. Bethell, R.N. (Ret.)	3 3 0
Sir W. P. Byles, M.P.	2 2 0
Sir George Fordham	2 0 0
Alfred E. Hutton, Esq.	1 1 0
Dr. Hamilton Kyle	2 2 0
Mrs. John Marshall	1 0 0
Mrs. G. Rose-Innes	0 10 6
John Watson Rowntree, Esq.	1 1 0
V. H. Rutherford, Esq.	1 1 0
C. W. Sorensen, Esq.	0 10 0
A. N. W. S.	5 0 0
Student	0 5 0
Tyneside Worker	0 1 0
T. Fisher Unwin, Esq.	1 1 0
S. H. Wall, Esq.	1 0 0

	£	s.	d.
Arnold White, Esq.	1	0	0
Edgar T. Woodhead, Esq.	0	5	0
R. Worsley, Esq.	5	0	0
	£133	18	6

Cheques, &c., should be made out to the Editor of THE NATION. I hope to make an announcement as to the future course of the case "Rex v. Halliday" next week.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE VICTORY OF TIME.

THE old and middle-aged men of Europe are flinging their youth to death and disablement in a struggle which will leave afterwards little youth but that which is paralyzed and broken. Pericles, in the most famous of his orations, proclaimed to his audience that after the desperate conflict, Athens would see no spring; its youth and all its ardors and enthusiasms and spirit of adventure had perished on the field of battle. A similar message could be given to Europe to-day, as it sees an ever-increasing proportion of its young men disappearing in the blood and fever of war, and contemplates a future with, above ground, a vast hospital, below a vast cemetery for the dead. For years after the war, the caution, prudence, and perhaps the bitterness, of the old will dominate policy and social life. The best part of a whole generation that youth brings will be cut off, as by pestilence or earthquake, with its capacity for love and laughter, its women unmarried, its children unborn. All the possibility that such destruction effaces—new songs, new discoveries, art which will never find realization, ideals which will never burst through the old crust of custom and tradition—will have vanished into nothingness. A maimed and crippled Europe, with eyes half blind and hands but stiffly and painfully moving, will attempt, slowly and with enormous difficulty, to reconstruct a new world out of the ruins of the old.

Yet the domination of the elderly and middle age will be but a short period in the record of the centuries. Almost before their traditions are established, the new generations—the children now at school or in infancy—will be sweeping forward into dominance, and fashioning the world as they like it, not as the old would have it remain. In twenty or thirty years' time—a negligible section of the long history of Europe—all those who now direct the minds of men will be practically off the stage. That is why the spirits of Irony and of Pity, situate (in Carlyle's famous phrase) "somewhere beyond the fixed stars," may be filled with "unextinguishable laughter," at the noise made by the stoutish, elderly men who exploit the horror and panic of war. They have seen so many sworn affirmations, so many "never agains," so many meetings at Cannon Street Hotels, so many declarations that "we will never trade" or "never forgive," or "never hold intercourse" with some particular people. And they have seen so many of such resolutions pass into the kingdom of windy silence. Ten years after we were fighting against Frederick the Great, and denouncing him as a traitor and a thief, we were fighting for Frederick the Great, and applauding him as a paragon of the virtues. Turn up the popular newspapers of the later Napoleonic era. Amid the coarse and violent prints of the caricaturists, you will find personal abuse of the "Monster" and the Tyrant, equal to anything in

to-day's most virulent Press against the German Emperor, with declarations that France shall be an outlaw amongst the nations, and the French never accepted as human beings again. Russia and Britain brought him to the ground. Forty years afterwards the peace of Europe was first disturbed by a conflict in which Britain was fighting Russia in alliance with France under another Napoleon; and none was so poor as not to do him reverence. Of all the Civil Wars of history, that between the North and South in America was the most bitter in its actual conflict and its subsequent consequences. Of all the Northern Generals, Sherman, with his policy of ruthlessness, was the most hated by the Southern States. A few years afterwards—less than a generation—Sherman was borne to his grave with, for pall-bearers, three Generals of the Union and three Generals of the Confederacy. So pass, and so quickly, hurried forward by the great beatings of the wings of time, the hates and fears of men.

And as with nations, so with individuals. They stand now, the makers of Empire or Saviours of Democracy "all in a cloud of light"; with their tombs as places of pilgrimage, and their action contrasted with the mean and timorous performances of the men of to-day. But history can give no such verdict of genuine and recognized merit. There was scarcely a great soldier, there was certainly not a great statesman, who in his life did not have to pass through a mudbath of criticism and attack, from the "twin forces of hysteria and panic" which accompany all great wars. Marlborough was disgraced and hissed in the streets by the people, and lampooned in savage irony by the newspaper prints of the time, after he had raised England into a position of unparalleled power in Europe. Chatham's first attempts at War Ministry were signal and complete failures. Only when he became allied with Newcastle in the most corrupt Coalition of two hundred years, did the unvarying tale of success follow. He was finally overthrown, after presenting an Empire to these islands, because the House of Commons refused to vote the immense sum of four millions for the continued prosecution of the war—about eighteen hours' expenditure of to-day. The ship bearing the message to recall Rodney in disgrace was actually on its way to the West Indies when that stout old seaman, on the famous 10th of April, joined action, broke the French line, and saved the Empire that Chatham had created. Pitt combined a reign of terror at home with corruption and incompetence abroad. All his schemes against Napoleon failed. He was probably the worst War Minister England has ever seen. He died at the hour of the smashing of the third Coalition, when Austerlitz seemed to have made Napoleon invincible for a lifetime. Yet he is honored to-day as the "pilot who weathered the storm"; and "O for an hour of Pitt!" is the comment any panic newspaper will make, when it wishes to attack the rulers of the nation.

Wellington, again, after the Convention of Cintra, was savagely assailed by a kind of national fury. He was only saved by aristocratic connections from dismissal or impeachment: it is said that nine-tenths of England would have demanded his departure and half England demanded his life. Yet he lived to win battles whose names are like a song—Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and the crowning triumph of Waterloo, which made him afterwards, in Paris, practically Dictator of Europe. The fierce attacks on Lincoln belong to later history. To-day his assailants only creep into history, if at all, because they are mentioned as having attacked the man whom they desired to destroy: Greeley as the journalist who assailed him as an incompetent humbug who ought to be

removed by a popular uprising, Booth as the man who killed him at the last. Nor is this spirit confined to our own leaders; it is equally visible in hatred of our opponents. Ney and Soult both broke faith with Louis XVIII. and joined Napoleon in the Hundred Days. Ney was shot as a traitor amid the applause of England, when Wellington, by lifting his finger, could have saved his life. Soult escaped, and twenty-three years afterwards, visiting England, received a royal reception in London, the whole population lining the streets and cheering him, Wellington "refighting his battles" with him as the two old warriors recalled their earlier encounters. Nor need we go to the past for such changes. Fifteen years ago General Smuts was declared an outlaw, his lands confiscated, his life forfeited; had he been captured he would probably have been shot by court-martial. It would be an interesting, though unedifying, spectacle to examine the popular newspapers of the time concerning him. To-day he is the general in whom the whole Empire has most confidence, entrusted to perform an operation of singular difficulty. In individuals as in mobs the Spirits of Irony and Pity can still see—if history was foreshortened and spread out in continuous progress—the same emotions of the same crowd—aristocratic or democratic—engaged in the same alternate denunciation and exaltation of its great men: even from the days when, in one short week, humanity first crowned and then crucified its King.

Such reflections should make the wise man pause before he joined in attack upon individuals or professed eternal hatred between nations. The generations pass so quickly off the stage: the hurrying of time makes our noisy years seem but moments in the being of the Eternal Silence. "Never again!", "perpetual disunion," undying animosity become mere expressions which the old and middle-aged carry with them to the graves; either having learnt tolerance and forgiveness meantime, or being pushed aside by the new generations which are impatient of these men who once played so great a part in human affairs, but who, later, in a changed world, appear but doddering imbeciles biting their nails (like giant Pope) in the darkness. "The children," one of England's greatest poets has written to his own child—

"The children of your dawning day shall hold
The reins we drop, and wield the judge's sword,
And your swift feet shall tread upon my heels,
And I be 'Ancient Error,' you 'New Truth,'
And I be crushed by your advancing wheels."

Such reflections drawn from history are not made with any suggestion that we should weaken in the present conduct of the war. This, for us, is not a war of conquest, nor a war of revenge. It was not started by insult to a king's mistress, or by the requirements of "honor" to redress the amputation of a pirate's ear, like two of the great eighteenth-century wars. It was a war entered into, in all soberness, to fulfil a sacred promise made to another nation, after that nation had requested its fulfilment, and after an attacking Empire, who had also made the promise, had been told that the violation of it would mean war with the British Empire. It was not a choice between dishonor and destruction; dishonor itself carried with it destruction. After eighteen months of it, with destruction incalculable, the whole nation welcomes the declaration in the King's Speech, that the spirit of the people "remains steadfast in the resolve to secure reparation for the victims of unprovoked and unjustifiable outrage." It welcomes also the solemn pledge of the Allies, reiterated last Wednesday, that they "will not end hostilities until Belgium has been restored to her

political and economic independence and liberally indemnified for the damage she has sustained." So, to-day (in Lincoln's famous words) we adhere "to the right as God gives us to see the right." But loud, noisy assertions of what will happen to-morrow, after that right has been vindicated, can but evoke a protest or a smile. All this violence and hectic abuse will, after a time, die down into silence. Englishmen will become friends with Germans again, and Germans with Englishmen. Trade will re-establish itself between the people who live between the Rhine and the Vistula and the people who live between the Pentland Firth and the English Channel. And with trade will come community of interest in science, in literature, in art, in attempts to alleviate the hard lot of common humanity. Those who shout against these things to-day will then be silent. But mankind at best—"shipwrecked on a star"—can never maintain hate by land and hate by sea, so long as man that is born of woman "cometh up and is cut down like a flower, fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

DEMOCRACY AND ORGANIZATION.

AMONG the odd bye-products of the war is the mood of doubt and inquiry as to the forms of government under which people live. This is not, it may be remarked, an unhealthy or unprofitable thing. It has shaken people out of their old groove, and set once more in front of the human mind a series of pure ideas. It is not from a merely practical point of view that we are driven to examine and analyze the two ideas which resolve themselves, in the concrete, into the types Machiavelli and Mazzini. These two were born of the same race. Here, again in the same era we have Bismarck and Mazzini, who represent substantially the same elements of contrast, and suggest that the ideas they stand for are like the two foci of an ellipse, about which the mind revolves continually. Bismarck stands for the narrower, tauter, more egotistically national point of view; Mazzini for the broader, looser, and more humane standpoint. Each has its advantages and defects. The tendency of the hour is to exalt the qualities of the former—to put the master-bureaucrat over the master-democrat.

Our modern quarrel with democracy lies indeed in one point—that it is incapable of organization. Many who are most convinced of its superiority as an ideal begin to wonder if it can survive since it seems so unable to organize. This mood would probably pass far more quickly than it arose if the Allies secured a great victory; and the discussion of the problem is indeed largely a measuring of the chances of victory. But it goes deeper than this. When Pasteur put searching questions to his fellow-countrymen after the defeat of 1870, he was not interested so much in the preparation of victory as in the desire that the French people should shape the course of their development more surely and intelligently. So, too, the cautery which burns into our spirit should first reach the depths of the disease in our political régime. Evidently we must understand what we mean by organization as applied to Germany. The German spirit stands for thoroughness. But does it not also stand for narrowness, for riding a principle to death, for just that type of action which the thinkers of the Middle Ages held to be a proof of the irrationality, and therefore mortality, of animals? It stands for the power, surely a low one, of applying one faculty one way to the end of the chapter. The higher criticism arose in Germany since the Germans applied to the Bible pure criticism, as they might have applied it to Goethe or Shakespeare.

In science they initiated the system by which thousands of students are at work testing and trying in one narrow plot. Ehrlich set a host of men to work upon one narrow experiment, which was justified by a fruitful hypothesis. Weismann's very hypotheses of natural selection were founded upon this narrowness. Science must so explain evolution and adaptation, because otherwise he could not explain them "without assuming the help of a principle of design," that is to say, without admitting an unscientific principle.

Now, in all these lines such a spirit must produce discoveries, just as it should have its successes when applied to practical things. In the world of knowledge, discoveries must come that way. They will not be the most fruitful discoveries. The system may never cast up such generalizations as those of Pasteur, Lister, Rutherford, Ramsay. All these represent, indeed, something which, strictly speaking, is unscientific, leaps in the dark; as most of the world's greatest ideas ever do. But, take any principle and apply it to everything within reach, and some strange results will emerge. Apply, say, Pearson's Calculus to every series of statistics available, and we shall have a number of results, many of which must be striking. Or, apply every known drug in the British pharmacopœa, in varying quantities and in varying associations, to cancer, and some results must emerge, even though none of them be worth the recording. But such a mentality may well be superseded in the future world by cunningly devised machines, which will syllogize when the handle is turned.

It is clear that the German spirit represents something upon that plane. It is an industrious spirit, and, since man cannot always be following the paths of Newton, Kepler, and the rest, it insists that he shall at least do something which will make a good deal of profit out of any Newtons who may arise. But it undoubtedly does stand for narrowness. Bismarck's diplomacy was the naked article. There was no tinge or admixture of any other element in it. Everything which the normal rhythm of life cast up was viewed from that one standpoint. So, too, with war. The Germans are the only true warriors, since they wage war simply and strictly. If they depart by ever so little from the direct grinding of their enemy to powder, it is simply because some obstacle stands in their way which cannot be overcome. No trace of humanity enters into their conception of war except in so far as it may subserve the end of war, which is victory over the enemy. Contrast the use of gas by Germany and the Allies. She uses gas which not only kills but kills in the most horrible way. We use stupefying gas which is painless, and gives the momentary advantage. Can there be any question of which practice discourages opposition? Again, if trenches be the mode of the war, Germany will build them from end to end of her line; if machine guns are useful, she will have as many as she can secure. Yet there is no more genius involved in making 500 miles of trenches than in making one, in making 40,000 machine guns than in making one. Similarly, if heavy guns are the deciding factor, she will make thousands, and she will make them as large in calibre as possible, considering the circumstances. Yet this method is, to give it its true name, simian. And so is the whole of the formidable German organization. It is greater than a mere monkey State, because it can and does profit by the things it cannot suppress, and because it is intelligent enough to realize what things to apply. But allow a monkey to see a man cut another's throat, and allow it to hold a knife in its paw, and it may decimate a village.

All this sighing after mere organization as a thing in itself is the lust of the human spirit

after ease. Organization means economy of effort, and that is why it is so ardently desired. But let it be realized that it is a makeshift, and an inferior makeshift. The future democracy will probably achieve a synthesis of its elements which will be far higher and more effective than that machine-made, machine-driven correlation of units that we call organization. The evil of our present state is that it is merely a half-development, and for the moment the mood of recoil from the slavery under an autocracy is dominant. The future of democracy may make a greater call upon personal service; but it will be a more intelligent and a juster call. The trouble is that our democracy is arresting its own development, that it tends to kick away the very props which have raised it to its present level, as though it were a perfect structure and had no further need of the scaffolding of ideas without which it must fall. In this intermediate period democracy stands normally a prey to the lower range of civilization, which is normally more ready for cruder form of atavistic struggle-war. But salvation comes not by organization. That is open to any being that can think. It is ideas which will save us. We want knowledge; we want science; and only by planting these seeds shall we reap the scientific spirit, the appreciation of ideas as such. The great weakness of democracy, as we know it, is that it tends to produce sycophants, that it tends to measure initiative by the agreeableness of the result, by success, instead of by initiative. In this way it has come to depreciate and discountenance courage, if not to crush it out. Behind this fault lies a whole world of comatose life, of dormant faculties not cultivated, of mental machinery left with nothing to work upon but the waste products provided by the modern newspaper, which knows no standard other than what the mob thinks, and no thought has common currency until it is dead or doomed. The spirit of improvisation, originality, intuition, flourishes in this country. All these things are at the disposal of the Government. While the people are insensitive to their value, and cannot appreciate them for their own sake, the Government will fail to be guided by them. But unless it is so guided, we shall come very near to defeat by what is a lower gift sufficient to itself and ready and economical in its working.

FAST COLORS.

UNDER the bedroom window is one of the favorite shrubs of the whole garden—*Spiræa Anthony Wateri*. The coral-like masses of salmon-pink blossom are a vanished picture of summer, as the bright pink opening of the leaves are a still more distant memory of spring. The leaves went green, performed their function, and fell off; the blossoms burnt with love, and left behind them red-brown seeds. The long, clean cane-like branches are in everlasting orange-bronze. The sunshine could not alter their color, nor can the driving rain of winter wash out a scrap of it. The live sap within keeps it blushing, and the more latent life of the seeds keeps the panicles that have replaced the blossom less bright, but quite unvanishing.

To the spiræa bush comes every morning, as soon as it is light enough to see, a little party of bullfinches. The hens are in a sober garb that brightens the red branches and seed clusters by contrast, but the gallant males are like bright blossoms on the tree. None could help remarking the cherry-red of their broad breasts, bright as the Lady Gay roses that once filled the pergola behind them. But the eye that has them for feast every morning, and almost at every hour of the day is never

tired of picking out new details of their composite beauty, the exact masterly extent of their shallow blue-black caps matched in color by the tail and the tips of the wings, the gradual shading of the rose into the French grey of a purple cloud, the points of ivory where the bars of the wings peep through, the purity of the remote ventral surface, and the flashing recognition-mark like that of summer swallows when the little troop flies off, and leaves the shrub alone in its quiet orange-bronze. Transient roses and lilies are well enough in simple splashes of color or form, but no touch of harmony or contrast is too much in the painting of a work that has to stand the rains of winter and cheer us through the dark season.

Some little villain has been digging up our crocus bulbs, betrayed by their green tips, and making food of them at the expense of a joyous March. One day we caught him at it, and had not the heart to slay him. In his fawn-red jacket and white waistcoat, the field mouse keeps himself as clean and bright among the muds of winter as among wood anemones and blue-bells. Sometimes we see him high in a hedge feeding on the red haws or perhaps the first green shoots of the honeysuckle. He will not easily go down. It costs so much trouble to climb so high that he will dare purblind man a good deal further than he would on the flat. And so he makes, perched among the dark coral berries, a picture full of tiny unexpected details of beauty.

Nature works her fast colors into material far more delicate than fur and feather. No pattern is more fragile than the dusty mosaic of the butterfly's wing. The wind has but to touch it against a grass-blade, and it is scratched beyond repair. A week on the wing, even in May weather, destroys the freshness of the orange-tip, and makes a dowdy insect of it. The blue butterflies of August are soon so faded from their original tints that we can scarcely tell one species from another. Even in the glazed seclusion of the cabinet, the beauties that belong to high summer are very little like what they were when caught fresh from the chrysalis. In the rude jostling of Nature, they are almost as evanescent as the rainbow and the sunset.

Nature has, however, some fast colors even for the scales of the butterfly's wing. On a fine day among these cold and wet and muddy ones, a butterfly may come out from a stone-heap or other unthought-of place, and flash back the rays of the sun with his best mirror. No scratch of the hard stone has disturbed the dainty down, no mildew has tumbled it, no damp has even darkened it. The pretty arrangement of hard, bright colors that make the small tortoiseshell, the red admiral, and the peacock, the best-loved of all our butterflies, would mark them out as butterflies that hibernate, if we did not know that their family has almost a monopoly in this habit. There are brown-reds and almond-yellows and black and white, and a strongly blended scarlet, making a pattern almost indestructible while the thing they are painted on is intact, but also little decorations within the picture, in violet and lemon, and other dainty tints commonly found to be ephemeral. They are used sparingly, their strong neighbors hold them up, and while the butterfly lives he sports his entire uniform.

The first vegetable growth of the year is also the first in order of the Creation. It grew before there was soil for real plants to grow in, almost before the tiniest fungus could make a living by itself, or the chains of little green cells came as though spontaneously in the water and on damp surfaces. The lichen is a partnership between these two futilities, combining the virtues of both, and far exceeding either in achievement. The fungus supplies the drought-resisting skeleton or a net to include the operatives that make its fortune. The

fruit we suppose contains the seed of the exploiter, and the young lichen catches its own working algae, and thus sets up a new house.

On the upright faces of stones fixed in the walls of houses or church, the lichen colonies flourish. For months they have slept entirely inconspicuous, their color the cold grey of the stones, but now they flush orange and purple and scarlet or silvery-white. The patches vary in size from shillings to dinner plates, and some of them may be fifty or a hundred years old, trees as venerable as the oak or the yew. Why they should celebrate the spring (if the very first lengthening of the days be spring) with such bright and complete colors, perhaps we shall never know. We can ask it of the dew-grey cup-lichen, whose rim is set with dazzling garnets, only visible to the pocket-lens. It is not good weather for festivities in orange and scarlet, but Nature's workshops can turn out for the lichen colors as bright as any, warranted to stand rain and sun, frost and thaw—whatever the stone stands whereon they are painted.

The greens, whose myriad tints every week alters, and July will make all one, smother the undying reds of winter, the flushing stems of the cornel, the ever-glowing copper of the dead beech leaves, the iron-red of the plough lands. We have only enjoyed the purple of naked trees for a few weeks, for little more than a few days, and already the inner sap and the outer green is moving it away. The larch woods are no longer the same one day after another. The swelling of pear buds proves the brown envelopes too small, and slashes them with green. Plum trees already declare their white, though it is only the real blossoming time of the lowly snowdrop. Winter aconite and celandine are not designed in wearing colors, though the latter has a high glaze that laughs through soaking rain. They make haste to get their marrying done, then fade to white as they grow gawky, as though it was by stretching that they made the pigment thin. But just to show you what she can do, even in adversity, Nature sends us now the heaven-blue hepatica and lesser periwinkle. The first is a garden flower, though thoroughly at home and hardy as aconite, but the other is a true wildling. Its midsummer blue peeping from the hedge in full winter is the hall-mark of steadfast courage.

Short Studies.

TRANSFORMATION.

THE smell of a town has a hot, sour taint—a mixture of oranges and shoe leather, beer and buns, and at some narrow corner—codfish.

Having tramped to Chichester for a train to-night, I was waiting on the platform when a girl ran up to me:

"Has the train gone?" she panted.

A whistle sounded, people on the platform clutched their bags, the train rushed in. I saw the girl trying hard to turn one of the brass handles—I turned it for her, and we got in together.

"Are you sure it's right?" She was on the point of getting out! But the guard slammed the door shut, waved his flag, and we were off.

"I thought I'd missed it," she kept saying; "and whatever I should do if I missed it—I don't know! I should lose my place!"

After a pause, more shyly: "I've been to Chichester to see Auntie, I don't live there."

"Have you to be in at a certain time?"

"Oh, yes! Got to be in by half-past eight. It's the first time 'she's' let me go for a whole day; I mustn't be late, must I?"

Another silence, and then—confidentially:

"I go to bed at half-past nine."

It wasn't easy to watch her, for her eyes always caught mine half way, and they shone so; if I met them full her whole face quivered.

She was pale; tall and weedy, having outgrown her strength. Dressed very neatly; and in her white blouse, with white roses on a pink straw hat, she reminded me of the little "Star of Bethlehem" flower.

She was "housemaid," she told me, "in a big house at Bognor."

When she thrust a bag of chocolates into my lap, and told me to "have them all!"—her eyes shone like rain in the sun; they kept changing color, clear grey, then green, then darkest blue.

Her home, she told me, was in the Midlands.

"Bognor train on the right," we were told at Barnham, and got in together again; but the train didn't start. The girl jumped out: "It can't be right," she cried; "do ask!"

I asked the engine-driver: "All right, waitin' for the Brighton train. Troops passin'. Everythin' late!"

"Oh, what shall I do? I shall lose my place!"

Her long back drooped, her head hung forward, her face was pinched with worry.

Barnham is a draughty station, but she wouldn't get into the train; perhaps she hoped another would appear suddenly on the opposite side, and start sooner!

A clock struck the half-hour.

"Why! perhaps the door'll be shut on me! . . .

If I miss the train I shall lose my character! And then —?"

People standing about stamped their feet, men looked at their watches, one or two went to the bar; they had all left hats or bags or newspapers in the corner seats they meant to come back to.

"It's not your fault," I told the poor girl, "you must say to your mistress that the Brighton train was late, and we were made to wait —" But now her mouth was open, her eyes searched the rails; a cold, dirty wind flying through the station pulled her hair loose.

"But do get in!" I begged her.

Just then the Brighton train roared in our ears; crowds of soldiers began running across the platform; before I could catch her hand, the girl was engulfed in them.

She lost her head, screamed, and rushed straight at a big man's chest. I saw his arms go up to steady her, and I saw her startled face, very white, all eyes, and one rose in her hat blown loose, flapping. The other soldiers who could see it all were laughing; her eyes fluttered to the man who held her. I just caught sight of his bent, red neck; he had kissed her.

I shouted to the girl; the guard shouted; I leant right out—and felt a queer leap in my pulse when I heard her giggle.

Her eyes were shining like crystal, her face flushed scarlet, not an ounce of memory left, nor thought; only excitement! Contact! The unknown!

The star of Bethlehem had become a wild geranium!

I was rushing to her when the guard slammed the door, the train moved, and she was left—on the platform with the soldiers.

DOROTHY EASTON.

Communications.

THE MENACE TO CIVIL LIBERTY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Lord Campbell declared that Erskine, in 1792, saved the liberties of his country. The present posture of public affairs seems to point to a similar need. It is disquieting to watch the gradual return of circumstances like to those in which Erskine won his fame. Under the impact of public anxieties, unchecked by criticism owing largely to private distresses, the Coalition Ministry is hastening the country along the road to reaction on which, to its undying discredit, its Liberal predecessor entered. The panic to which the Terror gave rise seems to have returned, and the

full force of Liberal influence will have to be exerted to prevent the ruin so rapidly achieved in the closing years of the eighteenth century. While there is yet time, those who can should gravely ponder the path along which the nation is being pushed by a Government supported in office by a Parliament whose extension of service has been self-imposed.

As one glances around the situation at which we have arrived, one has to overcome rising doubts as to whether, after all, it is England, the champion of freedom, at which one is looking. Free speech is practically ended, except the ravings of wandering jingoes; the counselling and instruction of one's fellow-citizens in regard to public affairs is pursued, if at all, under hourly risks of police raids and secret trials; and, to crown all, the foundations of personal freedom, the choice of voluntary entry upon the most grievous work of life-destruction, and the supreme right to enjoy immunity from imprisonment except for cause declared and judicially ascertained, all have been surrendered in the general confusion and panic the Great War has created. One can imagine the future historian surveying the wreck of British freedom and weighing the fears of those who, in the hour of trial, blanched before duty and earned their place among the small men whose courage was not equal to their opportunity.

The measure of loss sustained is the measure of duty to recover, and the latest instance of the breakdown of the guarantees of liberty on which our Constitution rests should stir us to vigorous and unwavering energy. Let us consider the legal and constitutional aspects of the decision of the Court of Appeal in the case of the King v. Halliday, upholding the right of the Crown to imprison British citizens without trial.

In searching for the "key" to the grave situation this decision creates we shall do well to recall the words of Burke: "Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point, which, by way of convenience, becomes the criterion of their happiness." The supreme idea which has inspired British history and shaped British law is the idea of personal freedom. Before and since Magna Charta, the right of the subject to liberty of the person was amply secured by a series of writs at common law. The menace to that right aimed by tyrants and others led to its clear enunciation in the famous 39th clause in the great Charter: "No freeman may be taken or imprisoned but by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land." During the unending fight for liberty through the centuries, other measures had to be taken to ensure the right of personal freedom, and the Habeas Corpus Acts were passed to define and secure this privilege of the citizen. On rare occasions Parliament has seen fit to suspend the operation of these statutes, but in each case that suspension has been effected with extreme care by short special Acts for the purpose. The notion that the Executive can suspend the Habeas Corpus Acts on the mere authority of an Order in Council is a proposition which has only to be stated to be dismissed by anyone with an elementary acquaintance with constitutional law. This may appear to be a hard saying in view of the action of the Court of Appeal, but by one at least who watched the conduct of the case of the King v. Halliday from start to finish, the saying, although hard, is honestly advanced as being quite true and beyond question in the light of history and law.

As a matter of fact, and no point has excited wider comment among lawyers for several generations, the judgment of the Court of Appeal rests only on the first three lines of the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act, 1914, namely: "His Majesty in Council has power during the continuance of the present war to issue regulations for securing the public safety and the defence of the realm, . . ." At this point, the middle of a sentence, the court below (presided over by Lord Reading) abruptly stopped, and the Court of Appeal took the same course. But if, as would seem to be proper, the whole clause of the Act of Parliament is read to ascertain its meaning, the specific purposes for which the power to issue regulations is granted are clearly set out. It is impossible to occupy your space with a reprint of the material words, but if your readers will peruse section 1 (1) of the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act, 1914, they will realize the exact purposes of the section and the grave error involved in stopping, as the two courts did, at the end of the first three lines.

On the authority of these truncated lines, the judges found a general power granted by Parliament to the Crown to "issue regulations for securing the public safety and the defence of the realm." To retain the full, unlimited scope of these words, each Court set aside the settled practice of construing general words "as may be agreeable to the rules of the common law," they departed from the historic course of leaning to the favor of the subject, they declined to consider the action of Parliament in relation to these same matters (both previous to the war and subsequent to the statute they were dealing with), and they thereby sanctioned a breach with the ancient rights of the subject on which history will have much to say.

It is exceedingly difficult to attempt to contract within a few sentences the legal case which must be argued before the House of Lords against this astounding judgment. Confidence in this changing world is a sensitive plant, but the present writer entertains no doubt as to the view which certain eminent judges in the House of Lords will take of this decision. With that avowal, the legal aspects of the matter must be left for determination by the competent authority. Meanwhile, it is convenient to point out one or two considerations as to the constitutional position to which this widely-discussed judgment of the Court of Appeal gives occasion.

Lord Justice Eldon Bankes interrupted counsel for the imprisoned subject with the observation: "You never had comparable conditions." The historical accuracy of this *obiter dictum* would probably cause discussion, but it is permissible to express surprise at the occasion on which it was made. Error sometimes survives for astonishingly long periods, but I have always understood that the function under the Constitution of weighing conditions of national life is vested in Parliament and not in his Majesty's judges. As a student of the law and public affairs, I was taught that Parliament legislated for the national requirements and judges were called upon (if necessary) to construe the words which gave effect to Parliamentary intentions. It is not part of the duty of a judge, as I understand the matter, to weigh political situations or national conditions. If the Government is to receive assistance from his Majesty's judges in legislating, either by framework or otherwise, it is desirable that this innovation should be suitably announced. Until that is done, we are entitled to look to the judges to interpret Acts of Parliament and to leave other duties to those authorities which the Constitution provides.

Again, the idea has widely prevailed hitherto that the function of the judges is to interpose between the Crown and the citizen and to secure to the latter his right. Unless this function is to continue to be exercised, the balance of the Constitution will be gravely imperilled. Our system of law does not import that whatever the Government of the day desires to perform shall be ensured by the courts of justice. A situation might conceivably arise, and in the course of our history has arisen more than once, in which there was a marked divergence between the purposes of the Government and the rights and opinions of the general body of citizens. It would be highly convenient, in such a situation, for the Government to silence all those who objected to its proceedings and to imprison those who had the temerity to voice such objections. The sovereign remedy provided by the British Constitution in that unfortunate event is the right of personal freedom, secured by the writ of his Majesty's judges. If this writ is no longer to be available in circumstances in which a Government consider it inconvenient, a crisis in our history is reached from which there can be only one effectual means of escape. The complete separation of the judiciary from the Crown is fundamental in our Constitution, and it is highly disturbing to hear *obiter dicta* from individual judges which appear inadequately to comprehend that basic fact. In accordance with all precedent, the Habeas Corpus Acts still run until Parliament determines otherwise in express language. Meanwhile, the subject is entitled to look to the judges for protection in the exercise of a right which no authority has removed.

The practical revival by the new decision of the discredited and abandoned dispensing power of the Crown, is a matter of the utmost moment to which the attention of Parliament must be speedily called. Counsel stated the

situation succinctly in the Court of Appeal when he said the question was whether Parliament has kept the liberty of the subject in its own hands. That liberty has not been transferred to the Crown by any process sanctioned by our traditions, and we cannot allow our liberties to be suspended at will by the Government under a process which some of the King's judges are prepared, seemingly, to concur in.

As the case now stands, the Home Secretary is empowered by administrative order to arrest the subject without judicial notice, for no cause shown or declared, and to imprison him for such period as he may think fit. Such a power places all liberty in jeopardy, runs entirely counter to our history and law, and creates a grave issue which may have far-reaching effects upon our whole polity.

Until action is taken by Parliament, subject to a decision by the House of Lords, the Government remain in the possession of these powers. What is to be done?

A parallel is afforded by the circumstances to which the Terror gave rise in the eighteenth century. Charles James Fox uttered some words which we may recall with profit. "A malign influence," he asserted, "unfortunately prevails over the conduct of the national defence; but the inference is not that we should be slack, or remiss, or inactive in resisting the enemy. The true inference is that the Friends of Liberty should, with the spirit and zeal that belong to their manly character, exert themselves in averting a foreign yoke: never forgetting that in happier and more favorable times, it will be equally their duty to use every effort to shake off the yoke of our English tyrants."

In the midst of a war for freedom, we have to recover and maintain our own liberties. The present writer hazards the suggestion that the time has now come when the Friends of Liberty should associate for the purpose of concerting measures to that end.—Yours, &c.,

LEGALIST.

The Temple. February 16th, 1916.

Letters to the Editor.

"OUR INDIFFERENCE TO IDEAS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Under this heading, Mrs. Jackson, in an admirable letter in your issue of the 12th inst., bewails our inability, as a nation, to accept new ideas. It would be an interesting speculation as to whether this inability arises from want of brains to appreciate or the need of courage to perform. For myself, I believe it to be more largely due to lack of the latter quality. Many who have the mental ability to appreciate new ideas are entirely without the courage to adopt the same. Shyness may be one of our national characteristics, and the encouragement given to it by our national education encourages and increases the trouble, as we are trained from our earliest years to eschew all that savors of originality, and are taught, as Mrs. Jackson says, "that it is bad form to think anything but what is believed by the majority."

To deplore this ineptitude in men is to criticize at the wrong end; we should rather seek to remedy the education that brings about these results. Nature, at infinite pains, achieves the wonder of bringing all children into the world differing from each other both in looks and character; so soon as we receive the infants we try, with conscientious laboriousness, to counteract Nature's fine work and make all children resemble each other so far as suppression, coercion, and what we call "education," are able to accomplish this feat. Should this rule have been less stringently enforced in the home, leeway is instantly made up when the boy is put into the machinery of school. He is, indeed, sent there with the express intent to make him like other boys. If the process fails, and alas! it fails too seldom, the individual is blamed for not being sufficiently malleable, or the institution is blamed for not being of a cast strong enough to mould the renegade into the desired shape. When, at the end of some years of effort, this moulding has been achieved, is it very surprising that the individual thus finished should be unable to readily acquire new thoughts, or to show "willingness to accept new ideas"?

If we wish to shake off the imprints too deeply stamped upon the minds of the men of to-day, we must turn our attention to the source from which the evil comes—the crushing conformity in early education. Fear lest a child should be different to his contemporaries rules mainly in the parent mind. As it was with their fathers before them, so shall it be with the sons, is the only dictum which holds good in the training of children. How many a father, otherwise intelligent and anxious, according to his lights, to do his best for his children, admits with surprising frankness: "I have not the courage to educate my boy differently to his contemporaries"! Why, then, complain if the boy grows up a counterpart of the machine which has done its best to crush out of his parent and of himself all individuality and any leaning towards things original?

Again the question confronts us: Is this position due on our part to lack of brains, or really to want of courage?—Yours, &c.,

ADELA CONSTANCE SMITH.

4, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.

February 15th, 1916.

CAMBRIDGE AND SCIENCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have read the article in *THE NATION* about the teaching of science.

Will you allow me to correct a serious misapprehension as to the attitude taken by Cambridge towards all kinds of science? Your article can do no less than persuade the general public that Cambridge neglects and despises science. The facts point exactly the other way.

Before the war began, there were in residence at Cambridge no fewer than fifty Fellows of the Royal Society. It is plain that they live here because science is honored, and themselves esteemed by this University.

Before the war there were 124 students being examined for degrees in Classics, while 420 were going in for the three principal science subjects, viz., 197 for Natural Science, 43 for Mechanical Science, 180 for Mathematics, besides many others for Medicine, Geography, Agriculture, &c.

I myself am a musician, so think my motive in telling you this must be pure.—Yours, &c.,

E. W. NAYLOR.

Emmanuel College. February 13th, 1916.

P.S.—There are, of course, many other teachers of science here who are not F.R.S. I pass over the remark about the Heads of Colleges. Heads of Colleges are not elected because of their special studies, but because of their general suitability to rule the College. There is no meaning in the criticism about the Heads of Colleges and Science.

[We had no intention of depreciating the important scientific revival in Cambridge. We simply quoted the statement to be found in the manifesto issued by the Reorganization Committee.—ED., *THE NATION*.]

ENGLAND AND THE ALLIES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I do not think that I should seriously differ from Mr. Hamon. I am quite ready to believe in the prevalence in France of the feeling of which he speaks, nor can I regard it as at all unnatural. If France by partially reopening her factories can make herself independent of our financial aid, it lies with her Government to consider the advisability of so doing. Meanwhile, however, she accepts our support, though not, it is true, to as great an extent as other of our Allies.

But however reasonable may be the feeling of irritation among our French comrades, it cannot alter the fact that a collapse of British credit would be just as disastrous to our Allies as to ourselves, and that statesmanship, whether French or English, which ignores this fact is a serious danger at the present time. I will not waste your space by going into certain details in which I believe Mr. Hamon and Mr. Thompson's information to be inaccurate, since it is clear that everything they say might be admitted without accepting Mr. Shaw's proposition. I never regarded Mr. Shaw's letter as absurd, or imagined that the French view of our policy was one of unmixed admiration.—Yours, &c.,

W. W. GREG.

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.

February 14th, 1916.

THE INSECT STATE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The general view given in your interesting article of Germany as a faceless brain is a happy gift. Your writer is in doubt which of the insects to insult by making it more particularly the counterpart of the Prussian. The ichneumon fly does not, like the digger wasp, "paralyze the caterpillar with one piercing of the spinal cord." It lays an egg inside the skin, almost without pain, and its grub feeds on the blood of the caterpillar while the latter goes about its life-duties with gradually increasing inconvenience till the young ichneumon is fully grown. Not the least alarming part of the German method has been the silent permeation of friendly countries with these ichneumon grubs during the past forty years. We shall never know how much the nice, friendly Germans who have been hospitably entertained throughout the world and are now biting the vitals of their hosts have been instigated and maintained by their Government. The von Papen cheques to dynamiters and assassins now are in many cases only the last payments made to servants of many years. The ichneumon fly is not a social insect; it is a degenerate or renegade hymenopteron. Does not its treachery more than the frightfulness of the wasp mark the furthest point of the falling-away from chivalry of the Germans?—Yours, &c.,

G. G. DESMOND.

Sheepscombe, Stroud, Gloucestershire.

February 15th, 1916.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you of your courtesy allow me to say a word in reference to your editorial note on the appeal of the "Friends' Peace Committee" for their right of meeting? Your plea that these meetings "merely keep alive the traditional Quaker view about war" would be a strong one, had it any relation to the facts; but it has none.

These meetings are propagandist and pacifist meetings which form part of the campaign which is being waged against the war and against the measures that have been thought necessary for the defence of the country, not only by the Society of Friends, but by the Union of Democratic Control and a large number of Pacifist bodies, in all, or nearly all of which, the Friends supply a most powerful element. At a time of peril like the present the nation has a right to protest against a propaganda so dangerous, which, indeed, amounts to the levying of civil war within its borders, and which, if successful, would mean the destruction of the state itself, reduced to internal anarchy in face of a triumphant enemy.

We hear a great deal just now about "conscientious objectors" who are willing to suffer even the extreme penalty rather than violate their principles; and doubtless such objectors exist. But would it not be well to clear away a little of the cant that has gathered round an inner nucleus of sincerity? Is not the whole of this plan for "organizing consciences" by means of the different Fellowships, Anti-Conscription Councils, Peace Committees, and other bodies a plan to prevent any conscientious objectors suffering anything at all? The first object was, of course, to prevent the Government passing the Military Service Act; the second, to obtain all possible exemption under the Act; the third—perhaps the most discreditable—to render the working of that Act, now the law of the land, and stated by the highest authorities to be essential to the safety of the country, as difficult and as unsuccessful as possible.

Sir, is it possible to have much respect for conscientious objectors of this type? The conscientious objector is obviously in the unhappy position of directly profiting by the sacrifice of others. He stands against his country where others are giving all to save her. That, owing to his inconvenient conscience, he cannot help. But need he be actively anti-national as well? He is indignant if it is suggested that he is a traitor. Would it not be more honorable and more in accordance with the attitude of a good citizen in this great crisis to submit as quietly as possible to the law of the land, obtaining exemption if so he must, but making no agitation or disturbance, and even paying a penalty, if such should be demanded, without advertising himself as a martyr?

You suggest, sir, that the creed of the Friends is near to the teachings of the Founder of our Faith. It should be; but I confess I have a difficulty in recognizing the spirit of the beatitude on persecution in the various anti-conscription leaflets that have come into my hands, with their suggestions of "down tools" and their appeals to class hate. Nor can I help feeling that our men dying at the Front for the Motherland which gave them birth show "greater love" more truly than some, at any rate, of these conscientious pacifists at home. None of us who are obliged to remain in safety can think of classing ourselves with our brave fighting men; yet, perhaps, we serve them a little if we do what we can to check an agitation which would leave them unsupported and unrelieved to face an overwhelming enemy.—Yours, &c.,

G. MARGILL, Bart., Secretary.

The Anti-German Union, 346, Strand, W.C.
February 15th, 1916.

THE CENTRAL-EUROPE IDEA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is a pity that the moral and physical trenches which divide Europe forbid a direct discussion between Herr Naumann, who has written by far the ablest prophecy of the preservation of Austria-Hungary, and Mr. Toynbee, who has written by far the ablest argument for its destruction. Your Reviewer shares neither of their positions, but on one or two points of Mr. Toynbee's commentary I should like to touch. First, let me say (what I think I indicated in my review) that in spite of the charm and power of Herr Naumann's book, I am not satisfied that the mere creation of a united Mid-Europe must at once better the case of the non-German nationalities. Herr Naumann resembles all the idealists who on both sides have thrown themselves into the advocacy of this war. His facile belief that it will make for Liberalism in Mid-Europe is, to my thinking, a pathetic pragmatism delusion, comparable to the parallel hopes on our side, that it will of itself end militarism or reform Russia. It is, I think, more likely for some years that it will lead to the increased arrogance of Austrian-Germans, Magyars, and Young Turks, who will all look to Berlin for moral support—and get it. In the long run, however, other consequences might be expected, if Mid-Europe were firmly founded. In the first place its increased material prosperity must mean an improvement in the status of all the minor nationalities, whose weakness in the past was largely their poverty and deficient education. The renaissance of the Tchechs has proceeded step by step with their economic elevation. One may predict the same experience for South Slavs and Slovacks and Roumans. In the second place, the acuteness of the race conflict was due to external as well as internal causes. The ruling races dreaded, as some of the subject races desired, the "inevitable" war between the Hapsburg idea and the Pan Slavist idea. The shadow of the coming war inclined the rulers to persecution, and the ruled to an impracticable temper. Neither of them relied on a purely political solution of their problem, for both looked to war for its definite settlement. Remove this disturbing external factor by a peace which has some elements of stability, and you may hope that the wiser heads on both sides will realize that their common future depends on compromise and statesmanship. Lastly, one may expect that a more active economic life, by raising new and absorbing social problems, may diminish the morbid and fanatical emphasis which both sides have laid on race. I feel no assured confidence in this forecast, but I advance it as a reading of the probabilities which may be as plausible as Mr. Toynbee's. My own criticism of Herr Naumann on this score would be, not so much that he hopes, as that his optimism is purely sentimental. He carefully refrained from advocating any structure in his Mid-Europe which might have guaranteed his dreams of racial tolerance.

Mr. Toynbee challenges my statement that the Mid-Europe idea, arid and materialistic though it is, is "not an aggressive policy, or a policy aimed at this country." I had in mind the economic scheme which is its chief meaning—an aspect of it which Mr. Toynbee leaves untouched. One may fairly say that any policy of fiscal protection or of preferences within a political unit is bad economics and bad

internationalism. But one cannot fairly call it aggressive when the motive is simply internal development. Herr Naumann's Zollverein, judged by that standard, is no more aggressive than Mr. Chamberlain's. If one wants to see the aggressive idea at work in commercial thinking, examples of it may be found nearer home. The people who want to push German trade "to the bottom of the list," to arrange that it shall never "get up its head again," and to impose an avowedly punitive tariff on German goods on a higher scale than they impose on the wares of other foreign trade rivals (e.g., the Americans), seem to me to pursue an aggressive policy. They aim, not merely at protecting our trade, but at destroying Germany's, and their motive is avowedly resentment, or, as they would say, moral reprobation. Mid-Europe, open as it is to many criticisms, is not fairly charged with this particular sin. I do not understand Mr. Toynbee's argument that Herr Naumann must be meditating aggressions, because he predicts that after this war the Germans, like everyone else, will protect themselves by drawing permanent trenches on their frontiers. A Chinese wall may display distrust, but it is useless for offence.

Mr. Toynbee concludes with his familiar thesis that Austria-Hungary must be destroyed. I do not know whether this seems to him a typically unaggressive programme. To my thinking it is the aptest device which the brain of man could conceive for prolonging this war indefinitely. A point must come when some moderate settlement is in sight, and that settlement might even include the easing of the Austrian racial problem, not by partition, but by some further developments of autonomy or federalism. The advocates of the ruthless maximum will then be inviting us to slaughter for the satisfaction of their thesis more Englishmen and Frenchmen in the further prosecution of the war, than there are Slovacks and Slovenes in the world. If commonsense prevails, their extravagant programme will still work as a *perpetuum mobile* of strife, and, because it remains unrealized, we shall be persuaded to arm for the still necessary act of surgery in the future. There is no end to such crusading, and if Austria-Hungary has deserved the death penalty for a record partly good and partly bad, but always improving, there is another Empire whose handling of its subject races might, on the same principles, be held to call even more imperatively "for the knife." The Dual Monarchy had no easy problem on its hands, and before the war had made objectivity difficult, even such authorities as Dr. Seton-Watson wrote of Austria's record and promise in friendly and hopeful terms. Hungary was another matter; but was Hungarian oppression on the average worse than Unionist coercion in Ireland thirty years ago? If "the knife" had been used to us then, it might have liberated Ireland, but it would have prevented our national conversion to a Liberal view. A slow cure by self-treatment is in such cases a better remedy than violent surgery, for it implies the moral development of the ruling race as well the liberation of the oppressed. It is easy on paper to break up Austria-Hungary into a chaos of little "independent" kingdoms; it is much harder to provide guarantees for their security. They could live in this dangerous world only by becoming the satellites of another Empire. Nominal independence might not in the end promise more liberty than autonomy within Mid-Europe. That guarantees for this autonomy might be introduced as an essential element in a moderate settlement is the hope which a reading of "Mitteleuropa" stimulates in the mind of

YOUR REVIEWER.

February 15th, 1916.

[Our Reviewer speaks, of course, from his individual knowledge and point of view.—ED., NATION.]

FREE TRADE AND FUTURE PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Lord Shelburne, who, as Prime Minister, negotiated the peaces with France, Spain, and the United States after the war which ended in the independence of the latter, writing to his French friend, Morellet, on March 13th, 1783, called his attention to the principle of free trade as inspiring them from beginning to end; and he added: "I have no hesitation in saying that in my own opinion a peace is good in exact proportion that it recognizes that principle." ("Lord Fitzmaurice Shelburne," II., 220.) In

other words, the freer the trade, the firmer the peace. As the principle enunciated by the Anti-German Union, the "Westminster Gazette," and Mr. Runciman appears to be the exact opposite, namely, that a peace is good in exact proportion as it does not recognize the principle of free trade, it is comforting for those of us who hold this principle in abhorrence to remember that a statesman of the authority and distinction of Lord Shelburne would have been on our side in the belief that free trade after the war is one of the best safeguards of any future peace.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. FARRER.

Ingleborough, Lancaster.

February 15th, 1916.

[We do not think that Mr. Runciman has said anything to suggest that he accepts the principle our correspondent describes.—ED., THE NATION.]

"THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR."

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—My letter to you of the 26th ult. was intended to be explanatory and not controversial; for, when the spirit of controversy enters, the discernment of truth becomes increasingly difficult.

I fear, however, that my explanations have not been sufficiently clear, since Mr. Turnbull evidently misunderstands my position, as well as that of other conscientious objectors. He seems to have ignored my expression of respect for those whose interpretation of scripture is different from my own, and to have assumed, without warrant, that I object to the decision of the Society of Friends to postpone its consideration of the action of those of its members who have enlisted until after the conclusion of the war.

When one remembers how impossible it seemed for many good Christian men of a former generation to see any sin in slavery, one can a little realize how hard it is for many in the present day even to understand the Quaker position. This, however, does not excuse those who do understand and accept that position from maintaining it faithfully. In doing so, from personal conviction and not from blind adherence to any traditional dogma, we believe that we shall most truly serve the State which we love, as well as the Divine Master who claims our first allegiance.—Yours, &c.,

J. B. HODGKIN.

Elm Ridge, Darlington. February 16th, 1916.

WOMEN'S MATERNITY HOSPITAL FOR REFUGEES IN RUSSIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The first step has been taken on Russian soil by the British Women's Maternity Unit, organized by the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies for the relief of the stricken refugees from Poland and the war zone in Russia. A telegram has just been received announcing the safe arrival of this Unit in Petrograd.

We, who for generations have been spared the agony of invasion by foreign armies, can scarcely imagine the misery of the populations of whole provinces turned adrift from their hereditary homesteads to wander or perish by the roadside. The advance of these fugitives has been described by an eye-witness as the slow movement of "a living wall," now halting in forests dimly lit by flickering bonfires, now proceeding on its long-drawn way, leaving always by the roadside its ghastly trail of the dying and the dead.

Overtaken by the elemental nature of the catastrophe, the Russian authorities have spared no effort for the relief of these famished hordes. In district after district baráks (shelters) have been constructed, feeding stations put up, and, as far as possible, medical relief has been administered. Yet the vastness of the calamity has almost baffled attempts at organized relief. The doctors have been unable to cope with the stream of suffering that flows by. A distinguished Russian journalist on the spot records that: "Typhoid fever and lung trouble are rife, dysentery is raging, and everybody has bronchitis." The children fall a prey to infectious disease, and in the baráks exhausted mothers give birth to sickly babes, few of whom survive the pre-natal experience.

It is to help such cases that the first Women's Maternity Unit has gone forth with the good wishes of many helpers throughout the British Empire. Englishwomen of all political creeds have offered their sympathetic support and have given their names as patronesses of the enterprise.

In Petrograd, the Unit has taken over the Maternity Hospital, of which the Empress Alexandra has graciously consented to be Protector. The hospital, constructed by the Tatiana Committee, has had the advantage of the personal supervision of those untiring devotees to the cause, the Grand Duchess Kyril and the Lady Georgiana Buchanan, wife of the British Ambassador.

Once established, the Unit hope to open an out-patient department in Petrograd for the treatment of minor ailments and the relief of distress, and for this work a large store of clothing, drugs, milk-foods, &c., is needed. The further extension of the work to other districts in Russia is now in contemplation, but this can only be undertaken if justified by a continuous stream of funds. It must be remembered that £5,000 are required for the upkeep of the first Unit for six months.

We therefore appeal with confidence for help and yet more help for the suffering refugees from a depopulated country. Communications should be made to the British Women's Maternity Unit for Russia, 14, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.—Yours, &c.,

MILlicent GARRETT FAWCETT (President of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies).

FRANCES M. STERLING (Hon. Treasurer of Russian Unite).

February 16th, 1916.

Poetry.

THREE POEMS.

I.—THE DEAD.

THE shadow stirs on the moon-dial:
Nuts drop from heavy hazel boughs.—
Only the dead are quiet.

Water, without end,
Springs in the dark hollow of stone.—
Only the dead are quiet.

Thought will not sleep,
Or, sleeping, talks to itself like a tired child.—
Only the dead are quiet.

II.—SHEEP.

THE sheep beat a track over the mountain,
And men, sheep-like, follow them.
Who is there with heart enough
To beat a track for himself?

Not the strongest,
Not the wisest,
Not the most proud.

III.—DAYS.

THE days of my life
Come and go.

One is a black valley,
Rising to blue goat-parks
On the crowns of distant hills.
I hear the falling of water
And the whisper of ferns' tongues,
And, still more, I hear
The silence.

One is a moon,
Distorted, cold—
A window without light.
The rain pits the rock-face.
The beeches cast their deadness
Into the sea.

One is a cloud of gulls
Over a plough.
The sun-married air
Is filled with their wings and their crying.
Slowly, slowly,
The lea breaks
In deep furrows of red.

The days of my life
Come and go.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Prussian Memories (1864—1914)." By Poultney Bigelow. (Putnam. 5s. net.)
 "Years of Childhood." By Serge Aksakoff. (Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Epic of Dixmude." By Charles Le Goffic. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "A History of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers." By Howel Thomas. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "The Guns." By Gilbert Frankau. (Chatto & Windus. 1s. net.)
 "A Raw Youth." By Fyodor Dostoevsky. (Heinemann. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "The Duel." By Alexander Kuprin. (Allen & Unwin. 6s.)
 "The River of Life and Other Stories." By Alexander Kuprin. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Un Enfant dans la Foule." Roman. Par Jean Morgan. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

* * *

MORE than a score of years ago, an acquaintance of mine, full of admiration and the excitement of fledgling authorship, sent a copy of his first book to Ruskin. The great man—why does the usual French term, the Master, seem so affected in English?—acknowledged the gift—on a postcard. "Of late," he informed my acquaintance, "I read nothing but the Bible, Shakespeare, and a little of myself." I have every reason to believe that Ruskin lost little by not enlarging the scope of his reading to the production offered him, but his answer suggests that an inquiry into the books read by great men might give interesting results. Some information about the books read by half-a-dozen of the English poets is to be found in Mr. Lane Cooper's "Methods and Aims in the Study of Literature," recently published by Messrs. Ginn. It is a collection of extracts describing the habits of study and composition that have resulted in the production of masterpieces. Like most American students, Mr. Cooper is great on "sources." We need a poet's education, he holds, in order to look with a poet's eyes, and he has no patience with the "indolent reluctance of half-initiated critics" who are content with impressions, and refuse to make the investigations that are essential if we are to understand a great man's thought.

* * *

WORDSWORTH is, in the general opinion, the English poet who owed least to books. "He had," says Lord Morley, "no teachers nor inspirers save nature and solitude." "He read what pleased him," wrote Dowden, "and what he considered best, but he had not the wide-ranging passion for books of a literary student." And, in the same strain, Sir Walter Raleigh has maintained that the dominant passion of Wordsworth's life owed nothing to books. Mr. Cooper meets these statements with a direct negative, and he certainly produces strong evidence in support of his view. He believes that the opinion that Wordsworth was no reader grew up because of his weak eyesight, and because the poet himself regretted that he had not read more at Cambridge. Yet even then he probably read as much as most people. "He reads Italian, Spanish, French, Greek, Latin, and English," wrote his sister, "but never opens a mathematical book"—the latter a neglect which perhaps lost him a Cambridge fellowship, but was not otherwise regrettable. Wordsworth himself says of this period in "The Prelude":—

"Not that I slighted books—that were to lack
 All sense—but other passions in me ruled,
 Passions more fervent, making me less prompt
 To indoor study than was wise or well,"

And he adds:—

"many books
 Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously perused,
 But with no settled plan."

These lines, if hardly worthy to be ranked as poetry, are, at any rate, precise enough as to fact.

* * *

WORDSWORTH's favorite reading seems to have been divided between the English poets and books of travel. A considerable array of the latter figured in the catalogue of

the sale of his library, and as regards the former, he told Crabb Robinson that he was early impressed with a conviction that there were four English poets whom he must have continually before him as examples—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton. He was familiar, too, with the classical poets, against whom his own poetry was a reaction. "I have been charged by some," he said, "with disparaging Pope and Dryden. This is not so. I have committed much of both to memory. . . . To this day I believe I could repeat, with a little rummaging of my memory, several thousand lines of Pope." So too with the charge, made by F. W. H. Myers, that Wordsworth regarded the work of his late contemporaries with indifference: "Byron and Shelley he seems scarcely to have read; and he failed altogether to appreciate Keats." All three authors were on Wordsworth's book-shelves when he died, and we learn from Morley's "Life of Gladstone" that he admired Shelley and read Tennyson's early writings. There is further testimony in the same work to the width of Wordsworth's reading. When that Oxford crack scholar, Tory M.P., and devout churchman, W. E. Gladstone, to quote Carlyle's description, brought out a book on "Church and State," Wordsworth "pronounced it worthy of all attention, doubted whether the author had not gone too far about apostolical descent; but then, like the sage that he was, the poet admitted that he must know a great deal more ecclesiastical history, be better read in the Fathers, and read the book itself over again before he could feel any right to criticize."

* * *

If Wordsworth was one of the English poets who read least, Byron was undoubtedly one of those who read most. Perhaps Southey alone had a greater knowledge of books. "Byron's early power," said Ruskin, "was founded on a course of general reading of the masters in every walk of literature, such as is, I think, utterly unparalleled in any other young life, whether of student or author." The list of authors he had read while he was under fifteen is portentous. It includes nearly all the standard histories, a crowd of biographies, all the British poets, a good deal of philosophy and law, not to mention some theology, and "novels by the thousand." His comments on some of these books are characteristic. Blair, Porteus, Tillotson, and Hooker are pronounced to be "all very tiresome," a verdict which would probably be certain of an overwhelming majority of readers. Norberg's "Charles XI." he thought better than Voltaire's "Charles XII." He had read at least twenty biographies of Frederick II., "the only prince worth recording in Prussian annals," and found none of them very amusing, though Thiébauld's "Souvenirs" was "paltry but circumstantial." In French poetry Corneille's "Le Cid" was his favorite, and his only comment on the philosophical works he had read is "Hobbes I detest."

* * *

DURING his later years, Byron kept up this habit of reading everything that came in his way. There is probably more and better literary criticism scattered through his letters than in any other English writer, and one may judge of the amount he read from the fact that in the index to Mr. Rowland Prothero's edition of the "Letters and Journals" there are eight columns under the heading "Books read by Byron." These leave no department of literature untouched. From Watson's "Apology for Christianity," which he thought "proved nothing," to Richard Tully's "Narratives of a Ten Years' Residence at the Court of Tripoli," which provided him with a description for "Don Juan," he was ready to read everything he saw. He read the works of the elder D'Israeli over and over again, wrote in praise of each fresh novel by the author of "Waverley" as soon as it appeared, and found time to dip into such "feminine trash" as the writings of Lady Morgan, Lady Blessington, Mrs. Hemans, and Miss Margaret Holford. He knew Stendhal, admired Las Cases' "Mémorial de Sainte Hélène," was familiar with Etienne de Jouy's "L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin," five volumes of entertaining gossip and description, which, after running into many editions, were translated into English under the title of "The Paris Spectator." Of Madame de Staël, whom he was accused of plagiarizing, he wrote: "Her works are my delight, and so is she herself, for—half-an-hour. She ought to have been a man."

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

RUSSIA IN THE HEROIC AGE.

"The Epic Songs of Russia." By ISABEL FLORENCE HAPGOOD.
(Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE epic songs of Russia, long treasured in the hearts of the peasantry and preserved by oral tradition, have been only recently recovered by folklorists from the oblivion into which they were gradually falling. Passed down from one generation to another by word of mouth, the *bylinys* (tales of what was) have been sung by professional *Kaliéks* or Psalm-singers, by wandering tailors, plying their trade throughout the country, and fishermen living on the shores of the great Northern lakes.

According to Mr. Avenarius, the compiler of a popular Russian collection of *bylinys*, an Englishman named Richard James (who was a chaplain to a British Embassy in 1619 under Sir Dudley Digges), set down in writing a number of heroic chants, which are apparently still in manuscript in the Bodleian, but no systematic attempt to gather up and publish the precious fragments was made until the nineteenth century. We have now, as the result of the labors of M. Danilov, M. Ribnikov, M. Hilferding, and a few other literary men, among whom Tolstoy may be mentioned, a collection of the epic song-cycles of Russia which compares worthily with the Nibelungenlied, the Chanson de Roland, and the Morte d'Arthur.

Apart from the vivid beauty of their word-painting, the *bylinys* mark the dawn of Slavonic History out of the mists of legend, and the conversion of the Pagan people to Christianity. They are usually divided into three groups; the cycle of Moscow, that of Novgorod, and that of Kiev. As the Arthurian legends are woven round "the stainless King," so the cycle of Kiev has "the fair Son Vladimir," prince of Kiev (980-1015), for its central figure. The reign of Vladimir is the oldest historical epoch mentioned in the *bylinys*. At the Kievan Court heroes and demi-gods feast with boyars (nobles), rich merchants, and warrior-maids (polyanitzas), and Vladimir, though he lacks not laud and honor, is dwarfed by his mighty paladins. Among them are the Titanic, elemental "elder heroes"; Mikula, "The Villager's Son," Svyatogor, and Volga, the crafty, master of magic arts and chief of a warrior band.

Hard upon these archaic types of strength, cunning, and valor follows Ilya of Murom, in whom heroic strength is united to kindness of heart and obedience to the voice of God.

The legend with which Miss Hapgood opens her selections from the Kievan cycle tells how Ilya was a paralytic from his birth, and was already full grown when it befell that three aged men (described in the version chosen by Miss Hapgood as Jesus Christ and two of His Apostles) came to his cottage-door, asking that a drink might be given them, and bidding him rise from the oven on which he had lain for thirty years. "Alas! ye wayfarers, aged men, dear friends," said Ilya, "full gladly would I give you to drink, but I cannot rise, and there is none in the cottage with me." And the men made answer, "Arise, and wash thyself, so shalt thou walk and fetch us drink." Ilya does their bidding, and the miracle is instantly accomplished. Having adjured Ilya to defend the Christian faith and fight against all infidel hosts, the aged men vanish, and Ilya departs on a heroic steed for royal Kiev town. His adventures by the way with the giant Svyatogor and Robber Nightingale suggest an early Pagan source, while the reference to "the accursed Tartars" show that the *byliny* has received additions at a period subsequent to the first Tartar invasion (thirteenth century). Ilya has been canonized by the Greek Church and made one with the prophet Elijah. His tomb at Kiev is the resort of vast numbers of pilgrims, and many traditions affirm his actual existence, in accordance with the general character of the *bylinys*, which link up the historical facts of Russian history with the mythical and Pagan past, and mark the change of religion by bestowing on the saints of the Greek Church the attributes of Peroun, the thunder-god, Veloss, guardian of the flocks, and other deities of the Slav Pantheon.

Miss Hapgood tells us that the cycle of Novgorod consists practically of two songs. They relate the heroic deeds

of a young noble, Vasili Buslaevich, and the adventures of Sadko, a wealthy merchant. Both are mentioned in the Russian Chronicles, and were evidently men of high position and importance. The story of Sadko has less of the mystic beauty of nature-worship than the Kievan cycle, but is one of the most interesting in the volume, for the light it sheds on the commercial prosperity of Novgorod in the Middle Ages.

According to one version, this Sinbad of the North departed from his village home on the banks of the Volga to seek his fortune in Novgorod. Before setting out he cast bread and salt into the river, saying:—

"Thanks be to thee, Mother Volga;
Twelve years long by thee I've wandered;
Known nor grief nor evil fortune,
Now to Novgorod I go."

At Novgorod the adventurous youth is glad to gain a livelihood by playing on his harp at the feasts of merchants and nobles. But a time came when Sadko was bidden to no worshipful feast. "Then he sorrowed greatly, and went to Lake Ilmen and seated himself upon a blue stone. There for three days following he played upon his harp from early morn till far into the night." Then the water-king rose up out of the lake and gave him thanks, bidding him return to Novgorod, for on the morrow he should be called to a rich feast. "Many merchants of Novgorod shall be there, and they shall eat and drink and wax boastful . . . and thou, Sadko, boast also, saying 'I know what there is in Lake Ilmen—of a truth, fishes with golden fins,'" Sadko follows this advice, and the merchants wager six shops-full of precious wares that his tale is untrue. Thanks to the water-king, Sadko wins the wager and becomes "the merchant of Novgorod, the rich guest." Further on, Sadko's fleet of merchant-vessels are described with much picturesqueness of detail. "Their prows in the likeness of wild beasts, their sides like dragons, their masts of red wood, the cordage of silk, the sails of linen, and the anchors of steel." They sail down the Volkov to Lake Ladoga, thence into the Neva and through that river to the blue sea.

After many "moving incidents," Sadko returns at length to Novgorod. "There he greeted his young wife, and after that he unloaded his scarlet ships, and built a church to St. Miloka." Frequent allusions are made to him in the Chronicles in connection with the church which he built.

But to some readers of these antique lays their charm will lie less in the glimpses they give of bygone Russia than in the poetic imagery drawn from close fellowship with Nature, and the symbolism which survives to this day in peasant ceremonials.

Some of the most lyrical passages occur in the *byliny* of Diuk Stepanovich. The young prince of India rides a-hunting, shooting "foxes, martens, blue-grey eagles, geese, white swans (a favorite delicacy at royal banquets) and small, grey, downy ducks." Suddenly Diuk becomes aware of the loss of three priceless arrows, which are thus described: "They were made of the reed-tree, smoothed upon twelve sides and gilded, the shafts set with precious jacinth stones, so that they darted rays like the fair sun. They were feathered with the plumes of the blue-grey eagle, set fast with sturgeon-glue: not the plumes of the eagles which flyeth over the meadows, but of that eagle which hovereth over the blue sea, and rearerth his young thereon, and alighteth upon the white Alatyr stone. When he ruffeth his feathers the sea is tossed, the cocks crow in the hamlets; and as he plumeth himself he droppeth his feathers. Ships came on a day with sailor guests, and gathered up three feathers, the eagle plumes, more precious than satin or cut velvet, and brought them as gifts to kings and princes and Diuk Stepanovich."

Ere long, growing weary of sport and pastimes, Diuk desires to venture forth "far, far across the open plain," that he may see "Kiev town the glorious, and behold Prince Vladimir and his fair Princess Apraxia."

"It was the solemn Easter Even, and young Diuk went to vespers. 'Twas not the silken plume-grass waving, nor the white birch bending low, but the goodly youth, Diuk Stepanovich, bowing there before his mother, the most honorable widow Amalfya Timofeevna." Having gained her consent to his departure, he mounts his heroic steed and is gone. "They saw the good youth as he mounted, but saw

him not as he rode—'twas but a pillar of dust afar in the plain, a little darkening of the heavens."

Having come to Kiev and entered into the presence of Vladimir, he forgets his mother's counsels and gives way to boasting. "Thy churches are of wood, with domes of aspen-wood; ours are of stone, with roofs of purest gold. The steps of thy palace are of black stone, with railings of turned wood fastened with wooden pegs which catch the garments; our steps are of ivory spread with silken rugs, and the railings are carved of pure gold. . . . My mother's sweet mead and old liquors are kept in silver casks of forty buckets hooped with gold, and hung by brazen chains in caverns forty fathoms deep. From these vaulted caverns pipes run to the fresh air of the open plain; and when tempestuous breezes blow they enter the caverns, and the silver casks rock in their chains, and murmur like swans at play upon the bosom of quiet bays." In the sequel Vladimir is goaded by curiosity into making the voyage to India to behold these marvels. After receiving the princely hospitality and viewing the boundless riches of his young host, he returns home, like the Queen of Sheba, "with no strength left in him."

This story is like a page from "The Arabian Nights," for all its Russian dress.

More true to the soil from which the *bylinys* spring is the narration of the encounter of Volga with the mystical ploughman Mikula.

As Volga, with his body-guard, rode over the open plain, the sound was heard of a plough grating against the stones which it upturned. Volga rode a whole day in quest of the husbandmen, but found no man. A second day he rode till dusk, and yet a third; and on the third day he came upon the man driving his plough, and casting the clods of earth from side to side of the furrow. . . . "His plough was of maple-wood, his reins of silk, the share of damascened steel, with fittings of silver, and the handles of pure gold. His curls waved over his brow of blackest sable; his eyes were falcon clear; his shoes were of green morocco, with pointed toes; and under the hollow of his foot sparrows might fly. . . ." Lord Volga salutes him, and desires that he will come with him as his comrade. The husbandman consents, but asks that his plough may be concealed behind a willow-bush "that none may discover it save those to whom it will yield service—my brother peasants."

"So Volga despatched five of his mighty youths, and they twisted the handles all about, but could not draw that plough of maple-wood from the furrow." In vain the whole band essayed the task; the strength of them all was not enough to loose the share—finally the ploughman lifted it with one hand, tossed it skyward, and rode away, saying, "Farewell, my plough! Never more shall I till with thee."

In an encounter with the heroic giant Svyatogor, Mikula is again the victor. Svyatogor rides forth upon the open plain. Weighed down with might as with a burden, he exclaims, "Would there were a ring fixed in the heavens—I would drag them down! If there were but a pillar set in damp Mother Earth and a ring made fast thereto, I would raise the whole earth and twist it round." Soon he is aware of a wayfarer who rides ever ahead, until at his call he halts and throws down a small pair of pouches from off his shoulders. These Svyatogor essays to lift, but cannot raise more than a hair's breadth, though he sinks to his knees in the earth, "and blood, not tears, streamed down his white face." "What lyeth in thy wallet?" said Svyatogor then. "Lo! my strength hath not begun to fail me, yet I cannot lift this weight." "The whole weight of the earth lieth therein," the man made answer. "And who art thou? What art thou called, and what is thy patronymic?" "I am Mikulushka Selyaninovich, the Villager's Son."

In Mikula and in Ilya of Murom we see embodied the ideals of an agricultural nation. It is said of Svyatogor that he impersonates the pre-historic nomad life of the Slav, wandering over hill and plain, while Volga and Dobrynya, the dragon-slayer, represent the nobly-born heroes of a time of continual warfare with greedy and relentless foes.

Of the commercial prosperity of Kiev before the Mongols and Tartars laid it waste, the story of Churilo gives a fanciful picture founded upon fact.

Thus the *bylinys*, deep-rooted in a legendary past, form a record of the life of the Russian people, from the time

when the waterways of Russia were the high-roads of commerce, when the smoke of burnt-offerings rose from the depths of the primeval forest, and nature-worship gave lyrical beauty to the epic song.

The cycle of Moscow commemorates the troubled times of Ivan the Terrible, and closes with the reign of Peter the Great; but Miss Hapgood concerns herself only with the earlier *bylinys*. The prose in which she has re-clothed them is often musical and usually adequate, so far as prose can be, to the task of rendering rhythmic verse. At times one seems to be borne along by the swing and forceful freshness of the Russian lays, but we must needs be losers by the substitution of a prose narrative for lines that can be chanted or sung.

One may be excused in this connection for recalling the metrical translation of the Kalevala, the great epic poem of Finland, by Mr. Martin Crawford, which gives the spirit, if not the stresses, of the original.

None the less, Miss Hapgood has done valuable work in collating and epitomizing these songs of heroic Russia, and in opening to English readers a new world of poetic beauty. The moment is well chosen for issuing a second edition of her book, which will probably attract a far larger public than upon its first appearance.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

PRUSSIA IN THE MAKING.

"The Evolution of Prussia." By J. A. R. MARRIOTT and C. GRANT ROBERTSON. (Clarendon Press. 5s. net.)

WAR brings temptations to historians as well as to other professions, and not a few of them succumb. To rewrite the history of the past by the glare of the passions of the present, to whitewash the record of one's own country, to magnify the sins of the enemy, is a task which appeals with irresistible force to a certain type of patriotism. It is the outstanding merit of Mr. Marriott and Mr. Robertson that they have not yielded to this subtle appeal, and that their pages might have been written before August, 1914. They have too high a sense of the responsibility of their calling to allow their narrative or their judgment to be deflected from the path of justice and candor in which the best type of scholarship has learned to walk.

"The Evolution of Prussia" forms the first of a series of histories of belligerents undertaken by the Clarendon Press; and we may express a hope that its successors will be worthy of it. It is not a work of research, and makes no attempt to add to the sum of knowledge. Its authors are not specialists in German history, and have nothing to teach those who are. Their modest but most praiseworthy aim is to supply a clear, brief account of the rise of Prussia, of the men who made her a Great Power, and of the difficulties they had to overcome. No such work exists in any language, for the best and most recent German guide, that of Prutz, fills four substantial volumes. Our authors have mastered the larger number of the really important books in which the results of a century of research are incorporated, and have reproduced them in a straightforward and spirited narrative.

Exactly five hundred years ago Frederick of Hohen-zollern migrated from South to North Germany and took his place as Elector of Brandenburg. His country was small and bare, and it was not till two centuries later that East Prussia and a patch of territory on the Rhine were added to the Mark. How this sprawling dominion was unified and enlarged by the Great Elector, the founder of Prussian power, is told in some of the best pages in the book. Frederick the Great, who flattered his ancestors as little as his contemporaries, tersely remarked, "Celui-ci a fait de grandes choses"; and his success was the more remarkable because, as our authors truly declare, he possessed neither genius nor a brain of the first order. "Neither as a soldier, an administrator, or a political thinker is he in the first class of his age." Droysen's ridiculous notion of a prince devoted to the cause of "Germany," and anticipating the policy of his remote descendants, has never been accepted; and the receipt of French gold is proof enough of his opportunism. Yet the founder of Prussian absolutism is secure of his niche in the temple of fame, and from his accession in 1640 there has been no turning back. A good English monograph on the

Martin Secker's Novels



The Dark Forest

By Hugh Walpole

"As nearly great as modern timidity in criticism can allow." *OBSERVER*.

Narcissus

By Viola Meynell

"It is from beginning to end a remarkable piece of work." *CHRONICLE*.
Second Impression.

Security

By Ivor Brown

"Introduces us to John Grant sitting at the open window and listening with one ear to the conversation of undergraduates lolling in the quadrangle and with the other to an essay on 'Pleasure and the Good,' read by a spectacled pupil in a scholar's gown . . . we know every line of it to be true." *TIMES*.

Casuals of the Sea

By William McFee

"His intrigue develops along realistic lines, and since men and women are always interesting when we are shown their souls, Mr. McFee is a novelist who is good to read." *EXPRESS*.

Meleager

By H. M. Vaughan

"In the tradition of 'Utopia' and 'Erewhon.' The style reveals a fertile and practised literary gift which gives it little attraction." *TIMES*.

Introducing William Allison

By William Hewlett

A new novel by the author of "The Child at the Window."

Six Shillings Each

Martin Secker

Number Five John Street Adelphi

THE LAST WEAPON

By Theodora Wilson Wilson.

- ☛ The "Last Weapon" of the Enemy of Mankind is an invention called "Hellite." So tremendous are its force and destructiveness that the first nation which adopts it is assured world-dominance and the power to enforce universal peace.
- ☛ The book portrays, in a series of moving dramatic sketches, the supreme conflict between the principle of "Hellite" and the last weapon of a still more powerful principle.
- ☛ The profound problem involved, and the strong human interest of the setting, render the book one of the most striking contributions to the literature of the war yet published.

Price 1s. net. (Postage 3d.)

London: C. W. Daniel, Ltd., 3, Tudor Street, E.C.

THE CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE

1^d

ONE PENNY WEEKLY

1^d

is published on Saturdays, and already before the war had established itself as the leading English University paper.

☛ "The full text of the vitally important speeches made by the Social Democratic speakers has appeared in no daily paper. But those who wish for a full authentic translation can now obtain it from THE CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE, at Theatre Buildings, Cambridge, at the cost of 1^d., post free."

—Charles Trevelyan, M.P., in the *Labour Leader*, Jan. 13, 1916.

This referred to ONLY ONE of the series of

NOTES FROM THE FOREIGN PRESS

EDITED BY

MRS. C. R. BUXTON

which now appear regularly in The Cambridge Magazine, and give a full and impartial summary of the leading papers in enemy, neutral, and allied countries. Mrs. Buxton's notes occupy between 15 and 20 columns weekly, and consist mainly of verbatim extracts; with only so much comment as is required to help the general reader to understand references.

Socialist papers naturally receive much attention, both because of their interest at the present time, and because they are generally neglected by the English Press.

A WONDERFUL PENNYWORTH

"THE CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE has been very interesting during the war."

—*Solomon Eagle* in *The New Statesman*, June, 1915.

"Ever since its foundation, some four or five years ago, THE CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE has been distinguished by impartiality and daring in the discussion of topical subjects, and since the War began it has won new laurels."

—*War and Peace*, April, 1915.

"As a leader of progressive thought of the younger generation the career of THE CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE is perhaps unique."—*Common Cause*, June, 1915.

"This welcome and apparently permanent addition to University journalism."—*Morning Post*, 1912.

The paper does not publish the University Sermon: but its recent contributors include Romain Rolland, Dr. G. E. Moore, J. A. Hobson, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the Hon. Bertrand Russell, Graham Wallas, Mr. Udny Yule, and Adelyne More.

Post Free **3/ =** Per Annum
In Term Time. 24 Numbers.

FROM THE MANAGER, THE CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE,
THEATRE BUILDINGS, CAMBRIDGE.

[An extra 3s., making 6s. in all, will cover the extra issues of the "Notes from the Foreign Press," which appear weekly, as supplementary numbers of the MAGAZINE during the University Vacations.]

Great Elector, corresponding to Mr. Reddaway's "Frederick the Great" and Mr. Headlam's "Bismarck," is urgently needed.

We hurry over the reign of his son, the first of the Hohenzollern kings, and find ourselves in the unpleasing company of Frederick William I. If Mr. Marriott and Mr. Robertson are ever a little unjust it is here. They seem to be a trifle too much under the glamor of the "immortal" memoirs of Wilhelmina, and scarcely emphasize sufficiently the greatness of the administrative achievements of a man who, in spite of his boorish manners and violent temper, was not without a certain nobility. His eminent share in the making of Prussia was revealed by Ranke, and has been confirmed by the massive tomes of the "Acta Borussiae." The long chapter on Frederick the Great, on the other hand, deserves nothing but praise for its concentration, its lucidity, and its impartiality. "Vicious women, a functionless aristocracy, a parasitic feudalism, and a corrupt and persecuting church had no place in his conception of a state. Blots there were in plenty in Frederick's Prussia, but it was free from the indelible infamies that stained the France of Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Diderot." The weakness of the system lay in the fact that it demanded a Frederick to work it, and its collapse quickly followed its author's death. The great king's nephew added largely to Prussian territory, but the name of Frederick William II. arouses no enthusiasm even among the most fervent votaries of the Hohenzollern cult.

The national revival under Frederick William III. was the work mainly of two men—Napoleon, who overthrew feudal Prussia, and Stein, who rebuilt the State on modern lines. His work was developed during the early years of Hardenberg's long ministry; but from Waterloo to 1848 there is a curious blank in Prussian history. Not a single statesman of distinction meets the eye, and Frederick William IV., though richly dowered by nature, was one of the most incompetent rulers of his century. The real work of the Restoration period must be sought in the formation of the Zollverein and in the lecture-rooms of the distinguished men who made German scholarship supreme in Europe. A useful sketch of the Frankfurt Parliament leads to the era of Bismarck, where readers will find themselves on familiar ground. A brief epilogue on the reign of the Emperor William II. wisely confines itself to a summary of facts, since, as the authors truly remark, the last twenty-five years have not yet fallen into historical perspective and cannot be disentangled from controversy.

No reader has a right to blame an author for limiting his task; but we may be tempted to regret that more space has not been found for the intellectual currents which often precede or accompany political change. We are grateful for the picture of Fichte delivering his Addresses to the German Nation, and should be glad of a few more glimpses into the evolution of the Prussian mind. A critical eye may detect a few infinitesimal errors. Kotzebue, for instance, was not a Russian dramatist. Abeken was not an officer. Strauss's "Leben Jesu" was not published in 1832. The name of the historian Zedeneck-Südenhorst has proved a stone of stumbling. The brief bibliographies at the end of each chapter might sometimes be improved. It is a mistake to recommend Pertz's "Life of Stein" and to omit the recent and authoritative volumes of Lehmann. In the same way why direct readers to Häusser when Heigel is available? We also look in vain for such indispensable works as those of Ernst von Meier, Meinecke, and Erich Marcks. But these matters are only trifles, and do not diminish the value of a performance of real merit and incontestable utility.

FLOSCULA POETICA.

"Oxford Poetry: 1915." Edited by G. D. H. C. and T. W. E. (Blackwell. 1s. net.)

"Images." By RICHARD ALDINGTON. (The Poetry Bookshop. 8d. net.)

"Cadences." By F. S. FLINT. (The Poetry Bookshop. 8d. net.)

"The Queen's Quest, and Other Verses." By E. L. WHITCOMBE. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Celestial Aftermath." By CYRIL SCOTT. (Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.)

THIS is the third yearly anthology of the young Oxford poets, and nothing could be more agreeable both for the critic's

sense of tradition and zeal for discovery than to read it. Let us hope that the project, which, we believe, was hatched by Professor Raleigh and Mr. Cole, will crystallize into an institution. The year's output is, on the whole, superior to the 1914 volume. It is still rather subdued by the decorousness and conventional facility with which these young poets so carefully barricade themselves against any suspicion of eccentricity, irregularity, or self-conscious audacities. The volume is, on that account, a collection of accomplished versifiers rather than of dashing young Phaethons. On the other hand there is more variety than in the preceding book, and actually one or two *sansculottes* who display the proper headiness and impatience with which one associates the "alumnus Hujus Universitatis." Mr. Earp has even Imagist leanings:—

"I have been reading books
For about twenty years;
I have laughed with other men's laughter,
Wept with their tears.

Life has been a cliché
All these years.

I would find a gesture of mine own."

Unfortunately the Imagist convention will give Mr. Earp very little else but gestures. Still, there is the genuine *naïveté* of Atlantean youth in the stanzas! And Mr. Huxley, of Balliol, has a spark of the Byronic savagery:—

"Frou-Frouery and faint patchouli smells,
And debile virgins talking Keats,
And the arch widow in accordion pleats
Artfully fringing with the tales she tells,
The giggling prurient."

Rather goat-haired satyrs than these chroniclers of small beer, cries Mr. Huxley. Mr. Godfrey Elton, of Balliol, who wrote an exquisite lament for his dog last year, is a little disappointing. There was a certain risk of his falling a victim to the sheer euphony of his lines, and this time he has rather danced his measures than sung his lyrics. Mr. Harwood, again of Balliol, writes with true vigor, sincerity, and directness. Speaking of the soldiers' return:—

"When slowly with averted head,
Some darkly, some with halting feet,
And bowed with mourning for the dead,
We walk the cheering, fluttering street.

"A music terrible, austere,
Shall rise from our returning ranks,
To change your merriment to fear,
And stay upon your lips your thanks;

"And on the brooding, weary brows
Of stronger sons, close enemies,
Are writ the ruin of your house,
And swift usurping dynasties."

Miss Duff, a home student, and Miss Sayers, of Somerville, deserve particular mention, the one for a charm and aptitude of cadence, the other for an ambitious, if rather patchy attempt at a longish ode. The others, graceful as they are, give one the dubious satisfaction of showing a creditable achievement rather than an immature promise.

The Imagist School still clings to its initial confusion of mistaking a vague for a general effect, a decoration for a symbol, and the erection of a number of isolated images for the finished entity which poetry demands. As a reaction and experiment against a mere adequacy of metrical content, a mere tenuity of idea, and a mere neutrality of inspiration, it has all the suffrages of lovers of poetry. But inasmuch as the Imagists have built their constructive theories upon the dogma that they must at all costs avoid what they conceive to be *obvious* beauty, theirs is a misdirected impulse. Mr. Aldington, for instance, will have nothing to say to the flowers and trees of an old garden, but only:—

"The rose and white color of the smooth flag-stones,
And the pale yellow grasses
Among them."

A number of these poems are upon Hellenic themes. Does Mr. Aldington think he is triumphantly avoiding commonplace by invoking Okeanos, the Kyprian (why not Kuprian?), and "Phoibos Apollon"? But it is in the treatment of images that we are chiefly at odds with the Imagists. The adjective which suggests itself to us is "monædic," which is used by Shelley in his flawless and incomparable translation of the Symposium, to express an attribute of the supreme and universal beauty. But the Imagists illustrate it only in the use of *single* facets of expression. To con-

Thomas Nelson & Sons' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Just Ready

Cloth 1/- net

NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.

By JOHN BUCHAN.

VOLUME X.

The Russian Stand and the Allies' Offensive in the West.

In this volume will be found a full account of the September offensive in the West, including the Battles of Champagne and Loos. The report on Champagne by the French Headquarter Staff is printed as an appendix.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WAR.

By S. MACNAUGHTAN.

Author of "The Fortune of Christina McNab," "A Lame Dog's Diary," &c.
Cloth, 1/- net.

MAP-BOOK OF THE WORLD-WIDE WAR.

A complete Atlas, with 56 pages of maps of all the fighting areas, and a Diary of the War.

7d. net.

Nelson's 1/- net Library.

The most Recent Additions.

THE GREAT ARMADA.	By John Richard Hale.
RED FOX.	By Charles G. D. Roberts.
THE CABIN.	By Stewart White.
A TRAMP'S SKETCHES.	By Stephen Graham.
THE JOURNAL OF THE DE GONCOURTS.	By Mrs. Le Blond.
TRUE TALES OF MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.	By Mrs. Le Blond.
THE RIVER WAR.	By Winston Churchill.
THE PLEASANT LAND OF FRANCE.	By R. E. Prothero.
THE ISLAND.	By Richard Whiteing.
THE PANAMA CANAL.	By J. Saxon Mills.
THE CITY OF THE WORLD.	By Edwin Pugh.
THE STORY OF MY STRUGGLES.	By Arminius Vambury.

On Sale at all Booksellers and Bookstalls.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Ltd.,

35 & 36, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., Parkside, Edinburgh.

The Daily News

has a unique record amongst London daily papers in regard to signed articles on the war.

Its special features have included contributions by

Viscount Bryce	A. G. Gardiner
Thomas Hardy	Maurice Maeterlinck
Bernard Shaw	Romain Rolland
Arnold Bennett	E. F. Benson
H. G. Wells	A. E. W. Mason
Joseph Conrad	Anthony Hope
Robert Hichens	Erskine Childers
John Galsworthy	G. M. Trevelyan
J. K. Jerome	Maurice Leblanc
Emile Verhaëren	Eden Phillpotts
Alfred Noyes	"Geo. A. Birmingham"
Sasha Kropotkin	Prof. T. M. Kettle
Sir Edwin Pears	Justin Huntly McCarthy
Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell	Richard le Gallienne

And other well known Writers.

A HALFPENNY MORNING PAPER OF DISTINCTION.

Messrs. Bell's New Books.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY'S

DELIGHTFUL NEW BOOK

THE PEACE OF THE AUGUSTANS

A Survey of Eighteenth-Century Literature
as a Place of Rest and Refreshment.

By

GEORGE SAINTSBURY, D.Litt., LL.D.

8s. 6d. net.

"A book to read with delight—an eccentric book, an extravagant book, a grumpy book, but a book of rare and amazing enthusiasm for good literature. Mr. Saintsbury, it seems to us, has in this book written the most irresistible advertisement of eighteenth-century literature which has been published for many years."—*Nation*.

"No one living—not even Mr. Austin Dobson—knows English eighteenth-century literature as well as Mr. Saintsbury knows it. . . . If you do not know and like your eighteenth century, then he will make you; and if you do, he will show you that even what you thought the dullest parts are full of rest and refreshment."—*The Times*.

"Whether you know your eighteenth century from cover to cover, or have but a smattering of Sheridan, this book is famous good stuff."—*Daily Telegraph*.

WOMEN IN MODERN INDUSTRY

By B. L. HUTCHINS.

With a Chapter on the 1906 Wage Census by J. J. MALLON.

4s. 6d. net.

"A most thorough and useful piece of work, long needed. . . . It is largely as the result of the efforts of educated and professional women that the position of women in industry is gradually being improved; and not least as the result of the light thrown upon its actual conditions by workers like Miss Hutchins. . . . The whole of her book is well worth reading and studying."—*Westminster Gazette*.

G. BELL AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, W.C.

By A New Poet.

THE YELLOW BUTTERFLY

And other Verses by

MARY P. MATHER.

Crown 8vo, with a Frontispiece in Photogravure
by G. H. McCALL. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

G. BELL AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, W.C.

NOTES ON PROPERTY LAW AND INVESTMENT.

By S. FORD, Barrister-at-Law.

Prospective Tenants or Purchasers of Real Estate, Houses, etc., would do well to consult the above. There are many useful hints to owners of property, forms of agreement for selling and letting.

The Standard says, "Mr. Ford is a sound adviser."1s. nett at all Booksellers, or from the Publisher,
EVELEIGH NASH, 36, King Street, W.C.

tinue the Platonic concept, their utterance is not "generative"; it is not, that is to say, a manifestation of an ulterior beauty, or an attempt, by the illumination and suggestion of metaphorical symbols, to reveal an abstract or universal idea. For instance:—

"We will come down to you,
O very deep sea,
And drift upon your pale green waves
Like scattered petals."

Yes, but what further does that convey beyond itself? They employ images, so to speak, departmentally—as though one went to take the burning coals out of a fire and set them separately in a row. The result is that the fire goes out, since images, unless they are strands interwoven into the poetic fabric, are nothing. Hence the impression that these images are inappropriate to the context. For instance, from "In the Tube":—

"Antagonism,
Disgust,
Immediate antipathy,
Cut my brain as a sharp, dry reed
Cuts a finger—"

it is the antipathy that should be prominently expressed by figurative language, not the way in which it cuts into the brain. That is to side-track and not to concentrate the effect.

Mr. Flint is more subdued than his brother-poet. He does attempt occasionally to synthesize his images, but only in as circumlocutory a fashion as he can—by a kind of deliberate fumbling. But, on the whole, his medium is not Imagism but Impressionism. His effects are what our forefathers would have called "cameos" or "vignettes." They might, that is to say, have just as well been a picturesque prose. From "Malady":—

"Stairs, banisters, a handrail;
All indistinguishable,
One step farther down or up,
And why?
But up is harder. Down!
Down to this white blur;
It gives before me."

How often have not the Prose-impressionists confused "this white blur" with essential significance?

Mr. Whitcombe affords a startling contrast to these methods. He is a capable metrist, and writes semi-narrative verse of a pensive, elegiac, and devotional cast. Most of the poems, which nearly all are clothed with a certain grace, are reminiscent of our great poetic tradition, and one of them, a sonnet, though perhaps something of an echo, has a quiet dignity and a sober assimilation of thought with its expression, which is only this side inspiration:—

"Ah, nevermore! The unreturning dead
As soon shall visit this green earth again,
As those glad hours renew themselves—the rain
Drunk by the grass as soon sweep overhead
In last year's clouds, by last year's storm-wind sped—
This quickly-withering rose its bloom retain—
Or harvest fields toss with the ripened grain
Winnowed to form, ev'n now, the sowers' bread."

Mr. Scott will have nothing to do with our corrupt modernisms of speech. You cannot be a poet, would seem to be his theory, unless you make copious use of the prefix en-. And so we have a crop of "ensilenced," "enlonelied," "enfragraned," "entempested," "enthrilling," "en-spanned," "entrammelling," and such like inventions of Wardour Street. Nor is that all. Mr. Scott is a neologist of the first water. Here are a few enliveliments from his pack: "Soilure," "estival sweetness," "bestowments," "agister," "depured," "diaphane," "self-deceiving," and "imblemishing." And here a few transparent lines:—

"In that upon the horologe of life the destined number
Had reached that digit of fate's crescent, which unbends
The cords of nescience and allows the lustre
Of spirit-bias to pierce its vesting rinds."

Or:—

"We few, so love-entwined and beautifully blended,
Entethered to the dulcitude of our sublimed ideal,
Garnered a saintly glimpse of the divinely Real."

As Mr. Scott might say in his more airy moments:—

"No common Paul or Peter
Shall taint my lordly metre."

THE BISHOP'S ENTERTAINMENT.

"The Recollections of a Bishop." By the Right Rev. G. F. BROWNE. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

QUITE the best modern volume of episcopal reminiscences is Dr. Browne's. He is eighty-two or eighty-three years of age, and so full of energetic life that it would scarcely surprise us to receive from him a supplementary volume on the day he celebrates the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth. We feel sure he means to do a little more climbing in the Alps (was he not chosen President of the Alpine Club when "well over seventy"?), and salmon are not yet safe in his neighborhood.

Sport, however, Bishop Browne has merely taken by the way, though we make no doubt it has helped to keep him fit, and incidentally to develop the most enviable pair of calves in the House of Lords. For fifty or sixty years he has been a tremendous worker. "Decidedly the most indolent boy in the form"—somewhere in the prehistoric past—he came out Wrangler in no time, and since then it would be rather difficult to say what he has not accomplished. He has written learned works on ice caves, on ecclesiastical history, biographies, sermons, lectures; and in his younger days was sufficiently accomplished as a journalist to attract the notice of Mr. George Smith and Mr. Frederick Greenwood when the "Pall Mall Gazette" was in preparation. Mr. Smith gave a dinner to discuss the policy of the paper.

"Of course I went, and most interesting the meeting was. There were some Cambridge men, notably Leslie Stephen, who had left Cambridge the year before to enter upon a literary life in London. Mr. Smith seemed to know all about most of us, and told some of us what special departments he wished us to undertake, while leaving us free to write on any subject that commended itself to us. . . . It was at that meeting that the Occasional Note was created."

"Finally, the general tone of the paper was set forth in two sentences which I can never forget. 'The paper and the ink will be such that a lady going out to dinner can take up the 'Pall Mall' and glance through its pages without soiling her white kid gloves. It is for you to see that its contents shall not soil her mind.'"

There are strange stories of that wonderful blind man, Henry Fawcett. With a friend on either hand, he would ride full speed along the road, always "wanting to shave the corners and get into any large field for a wild gallop"; and, similarly protected, he would go like a whirlwind on the ice. Dr. Browne tells us, by the way, that Lord Roberts had the use only of the left eye, and always shot from the left shoulder. Here also is another very curious little anecdote of Roberts, which seems altogether new:—

"His principle was to take what first occurred to him when he awoke at six in the morning as the best course for the day, no matter how differently he had intended to act. He instanced to me the march from Cabul and the march on Pretoria. In each case he had made other arrangements over night, and countermanded them when he awoke, although they had already been in operation for an hour or two."

Stanley went to lecture at Cambridge, and his black boy, Sambo, was so terrified by the yelling of the undergrads that he could scarcely be got on the platform. "I've not heard such yells," he wailed, "since I was hunted by cannibals on the banks of the Congo." When Stanley stood up he received a splendid reception:—

"Alas! he spoiled it all. At the end of his very first sentence a clear, youthful voice hit off the situation with cruel accuracy. 'You needn't be quite so cocky as that, sir!'"

Lord Randolph Churchill also went to Cambridge, to hearten the Tories, not the least ardent of whom was Dr. Browne:—

"That dinner gave an opportunity for learning the special arrangements made by Lord Randolph for having his speeches correctly reported. For a speech of serious importance, the whole was carefully written out and set in type in portions of ten or twelve lines each, numbered A, B, C, &c. His special reporter came with him, followed his recitation of the speech word for word, and telegraphed up to London any departure from the printed copy, in this sort of way—'A. 10 for aggressive violent.' It was very complete. The changes, I was told, were few and slight."

HELP OUR PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY

"I was in prison and ye came unto me."

THE ROYAL SAVOY ASSOCIATION urgently appeals for funds in order to continue the purchase and despatch of a weekly supply of necessities and comforts to relieve the sufferings of 500 British Prisoners in Germany. These men look forward to Parcel Day as the great event in their lives, and it will mean a long and persistent effort if the observance of this festival is to be maintained till the end of their captivity.

In every instance great care is exercised to ascertain that only necessitous cases are dealt with; and to prevent overlapping, all names are submitted to the Prisoners of War Help Committee.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of five parcels, all of which have arrived in splendid condition, during the past two months (fortnightly). They have contained everything that one could desire, and I must say that I have enjoyed them very much. I sincerely thank you for your kindness, and trust you will forgive me for not acknowledging them before, as our correspondence is limited.

I remain, yours very gratefully, A. J. S.

Numerous postcards expressing deep gratitude are being received daily, and afford ample proof that the parcels sent out have safely reached those for whom they were intended.

The Parcels, value 7s. 6d., include everything that is known to be necessary for the welfare and comfort of the prisoners.

Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received by:
Rev. HUGH B. CHAPMAN,
Royal Savoy Association, 7, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.

PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE

"Pipe Perfect"

IN THREE STRENGTHS

White Label.

Mild and Medium

6^{D.}
Per
oz.

7^{D.}
Per
oz.

*For Wounded British Soldiers
and Sailors in Military Hospitals
at Home and for the Front at
Duty Free Prices.*

Terms on application to
JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

B575

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

PLEASE REMEMBER THE NEEDS OF THE

CHURCH ARMY RECREATION HUTS

TENTS and CLUBS for the Gallant
Men of the Army and Navy;

UNDER FIRE IN FLANDERS,

AND IN

FRANCE, MALTA, EGYPT,
SALONICA, BRITISH EAST
AFRICA, MESOPOTAMIA
and INDIA, and at HOME.

Huts cost £300 (or £20 for one portable section); Tents £150; Equipment £100; Week's Working £5 abroad, £2 at home.

*F.-M. VISCOUNT FRENCH
says that "he is fully cognizant
of the good work done by the
Church Army in connection
with the War, and sends most
sincere thanks on behalf of
himself and the troops whom he
had the honour to command."*

More HUTS, TENTS, and CLUBS are Urgently NEEDED;

AND

WE WANT MORE MEN

(communicants of the Church of England, ineligible
for military service) to help in working them.

WILL YOU VOLUNTEER?

Cheques, &c., should be crossed "Barclays", a/c Church Army, payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W., who will gladly answer any enquiries.

Another speech, one of the Duke of Argyll's during the Home Rule struggle, illustrates his platform canniness:—

"The duke had a short note on each of some twenty pieces of notepaper. When he had worked through three or four of them, and took the next piece, it was clear that it did not come in proper sequence. He was puzzled for a moment, then looked up and said: 'Mr. Gladstone, gentlemen—' The whole audience booed while he sorted his notes. Then he went on. Nearer the end it happened again. Again he looked up and said: 'Gentlemen, as I said, Mr. Gladstone—' Then they all booed, while he sorted his remaining sheets. It was very skilful."

There are capital anecdotes of Dr. Temple, then Bishop of London, to whom Dr. Browne was introduced by means of Temple's umbrella. He carried off the umbrella from the vestry of St. Paul's, and recognizing his mistake, went back with it:—

"'I've got the wrong umbrella,' I said. The severe voice said, rather aggressively, 'You've got mine.' 'It's exactly like mine,' I replied, answering rather the tone than the words. 'No, it isn't.' 'What is the difference?' I asked. 'Mine's got Bishop o' London on it,' the voice rapped out. . . . Next day the Dean said to me, 'You've made a friend of the Bishop for life.' 'How so?' I said. 'He likes to be stood up to.'"

When Dr. Browne knew Temple better, he said: "One would do anything for such a man."

ISABEL OF CASTILE.

"*Isabel of Castile and the Making of the Spanish Nation.*" By IERNE L. PLUNKET. (Putnam. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE period covered by the life of Isabel of Castile is one of the most interesting in Spanish history, and, indeed, in the history of European civilization; it is the time of transition from medieval to modern ideals and forms of government. We must judge the character of Isabel not alone by her stern and unflinching upholding of the power of the Spanish Inquisition, but in the light of her just and wise rule of a difficult and semi-barbarous people. Isabel's standards were the standards of her time, and her contemporaries accuse her of nothing worse than an unswerving devotion to principles and a certain inaccessibility to the pleadings of pity or of mercy in her administration of justice. But she was not vindictive, and in these days, when the demand for reprisals is heard on many hands, it should be remembered to her everlasting credit that she intervened in the case of the attempted assassination of her adored husband, and commanded that the sentence of torture should not be carried out, but that the man should be beheaded outright.

Isabel of Castile is popularly remembered first for her support of the Inquisition, secondly, and more gratefully, as the patroness of Christopher Columbus; but the most interesting and least known part of her history is that giving an account of the reforms both of government and of custom which she introduced during her reign. Foremost among these was the regularization of the institution of "La Santa Hermandad," or "Holy Brotherhood." This was a voluntary military police that had been organized in certain districts for self-protection, and for the punishment of wrong-doing. It was supported by public subscription among the class that lived by commerce and industry, and originally it was intended only to meet and check the lawlessness of the people in times of exceptional unrest. The organization tended to lapse in times of peace for want of the necessary funds, but under Isabel's rule it was put on to a more permanent footing, with a chief of command in the person of Ferdinand's illegitimate brother, Alfonso, Duke of Villahermosa, and with captains for each locality, "whose business it was to raise the hue and cry as soon as a well authenticated tale of crime came to their ears."

As a permanent institution this armed force, the nucleus of a standing army, had far-reaching results. Its officers, when pursuing fugitives from justice, claimed the right of entry, not only into walled cities under municipal jurisdiction, but into the fortified castles of the nobles, hitherto held inviolable. It was the first effective blow struck at the independence of the territorial aristocracy, and did more to centralize power than any other measure during Isabel's reign. The tax imposed for keeping the Hermandad in being was popular with none, but peasant and burgher

alike were ready to pay the price of security from robbery and rapine. Nothing conduced more to the popularity of the brotherhood than the fact that it was in no way used by Isabel to cement her own power or to gratify her private desires. It was her singleness of purpose in desiring to promote justice and fair dealing that fashioned an instrument for her hand that was to be of incalculable value in later years.

The volume under review gives a very clear and interesting account of Isabel's successful crusade against the corruption and extortions that were rife among the ruling classes in the cities. She put an end to the system of rewarding the loyalty of the soldiery by distributing amongst them posts which gave opportunities for plunder. Officials were chosen instead for their special fitness for the work entrusted to them; for the first time in the history of Spain lawyers were employed in Government positions, and as these were drawn for the most part not from the aristocracy but from the humbler ranks of the people, a new sense of security was given to the poorer classes. When Isabel herself held her famous "Audiences" at Seville her even-handed impartiality, as crime after crime was revealed, earned her a reputation for almost superhuman justice.

FORM AND SPIRIT.

"*Three Pretty Men.*" By GILBERT CANNAN. (Methuen. 6s.)

HAS the art of the novel flown clean out of England? One hopes against hope that one day we shall see slipping modestly into the market not only the novel of personality, of satiric indignation, of realistic industry, of biological exactitude, of fantasy, of passionate feeling, of what you will; but the novel of a coherent entity, of delicate poise and equilibrium—in short, the work of art. But it never comes. Perhaps it never will come again, until we have readjusted the conditions of social and economic life. What we fail to understand is why the novel of revolt, which, on the whole, is in the best available hands now writing fiction, cannot develop the indispensable criterion of form. The point is that you will impress nothing upon your generation unless you give a compact and unified expression to your forces. And to future generations you will be not literature, but a social curiosity. Random art, even if it be the fruit of the best, the most disinterested, and the most intuitive minds in the community, must be replaced by an art conscious of its purpose and so concentrating its resources upon the sharp illumination of that purpose.

The necessity of this demand is borne upon us by reading Mr. Cannan's latest book, "*Three Pretty Men*," certainly the best novel of the author's we have read. It is the more extraordinary that Mr. Cannan has failed to achieve form, has not so much as attempted to achieve it, because the book is the product of a singular purity, depth, and perspicuity of mind. In reading it, we do not feel that Mr. Walpole, with whom one somehow associates Mr. Cannan, could ever get so far, gifted novelist as he is. A large portion of "*Three Pretty Men*" is indirect satire, but satire much superior to the clever but skittish inconsequences of "*Old Mole*," "*Round the Corner*," and "*Windmills*." Here is satire informed not by the diversion of gymnastic exercises, but by profound feeling, by a sacred thirst for beauty and wisdom. A sort of noble melancholy pervades every page of the book, however fresh its insight and eager its psychology. The hero, Jamie Lawrie, with whom one must identify Mr. Cannan's own aspirations, is incessantly tormented and inspired by the quest for a "creative consciousness of life" as the only possible regeneration for a despiritualized England. That, indeed, is the only synthetic appeal that gathers up so disconnected a book into an entity—a despairing protest against the frank, or, worse, the sentimentalized, materialism of a country that builds its philosophy, its ethics, and its policies upon a cornerstone of possessions.

"*Three Pretty Men*" is the story of a Scottish family; the Lawries—Margaret the mother, John, Tom, and Jamie the sons—who carry their fortunes to Thrigsby, an industrial town of South Lancashire. There they are gradually absorbed into the "ethos" of the place, Tom and John body and soul, and Jamie body and spirit, in so far as he is driven

In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being so much stronger than **ORDINARY COFFEE**.

by a reaction against the complacency, ugliness, and brutal egoism of the town into an impotent (so far as results go) and disillusioned mysticism. For his period, Mr. Cannan has selected the forties, fifties, and sixties of last century, when commercial values were beginning to renew their mighty youth and open their mouths for more. Tom and John marry into the Greig family, one of the gilded monuments of Thrigsby, make their money out of banks and cotton, cut down the salaries and speed up the energies of their employees, and settle down as the bastions of middle-class progress and efficiency. Jamie, on the other hand, makes a muddle of everything. He is too much of a metaphysician to make money, too disinterested a seeker after truth for anything but the heavy patronage of his brothers, and too uncertain, distraught, and rather aimless a visionary to make anything but a failure and compromise of life. He makes too many mistakes, both materially and spiritually, for us to say of him, in Stevenson's words—"there goes another faithful failure." But the true justification of Jamie's spiritual revulsion against his environment lies in his capacity for strife. Except on her deathbed, he fails to rationalize or humanize his mother's Calvinistic interpretation of God; he fails either to identify himself with, or to dissociate himself from, the family; he fails to get the sofa inhabitants of Thrigsby to appreciate Shakespeare *qua* Shakespeare; he signally fails to comprehend his wife, Catherine Woods, who brings every kind of domestic pressure upon him to induce him to rub his nose against the Thrigbeian grindstone; he fails, save in snatches and glimpses, to realize synthetically his own spiritual consciousness.

What potential material there is here of a work of art! And yet, whether it be the fatal domination of the realistic theory, to which Mr. Cannan owed allegiance in the past, or a sheer disregard of technique, or even (as we hope) a more profound revelation of reality, which he has only just discovered and not yet quite mastered and harmonized, the rhythm of the work of art does not emerge. In a notice of "Three Pretty Men" in a contemporary, the writer, after calling attention to "the innumerable delicious flowerings of the sense of fun," remarks that the book is "beautifully controlled by a central idea into shapeliness of form." These statements totally misrepresent and misunderstand both what Mr. Cannan is after and what he achieves. It is the absence of that quality, the pivot of them all, which prevents the others from unifying their detached and isolated beauties into a single, environing beauty. The architecture of the book is altogether casual and spasmodic; it seems to have no coherent scheme of construction at all. What it lacks is a kind of collective idea of presentment. It is a great pity, because with so much feeling, intellect, and imaginative power behind it, it might have been perhaps the most remarkable novel within the last ten years.

The Week in the City.

THE Prime Minister's gloomy speech foreshadowing privation and more taxation as the necessary accompaniment of war depressed the City, and for two days the Stock Markets have suffered. Mr. Asquith said that the expenditure is now about five millions a day—double that of France or Russia, and probably half as much again as that of Germany. And he declared that it could not be reduced. This last observation is open to criticism; for expenditure depends on policy, and in a war of endurance

great reductions of expenditure might become essential to success. In fact, the question is beginning to be asked whether a dozen business men might not be chosen who would conduct the war at far less cost and with far greater success. Meanwhile, the gap between expenditure is so vast and threatening that new taxes are being projected, and one hears talk of the possibility of a doubling of the income-tax. There has been little of interest in the Money Market this week, but the value of the mark, after a temporary rally, has again begun to depreciate very sharply in Holland.

THE RISE IN COPPER.

The recent advance in the price of standard copper has brought the quotation over the £100 mark, or more than double the price to which it fell in the early months of the war. With the metal at this figure, many copper mines must be earning substantial profits, despite the difficulties connected with freights, and there has consequently been quite a boom in copper shares on the Stock Exchange, although profit-taking caused a slight set-back on Thursday and Friday. The following table shows some of the rises which have taken place since the end of October:—

	End of July, 1914.	End of October, 1915.	Price, Feb. 17.	Rise.
Anaconda (\$50) ...	—	17½	19½	+ 1½
Hampden Cloncurry (£1) ...	1 3-16	1½	2½	+ 1
Kyshtim (£1) ...	2½	1½	1 31-32	+ 5-32
Namaqua (£2) ...	2½	2 29-32	3½	+ 5-32
Rio Tinto (£5) ...	54	54	65½	+ 11½
Russo-Asiatic (£1) ...	4½	4	4 13-16	+ 13-16
Tanaiyk (£1) ...	1 11-16	1½	1 13-16	+ 1-16

The most active shares have been Rio Tintos and Hampdens, the latter on reports of remunerative contracts with the Government. Tintos have now passed last year's high record of 64½, and if next month's report shows any possibility of an expansion in output, the price is likely to go higher still.

THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO REPORT.

The tobacco trade is one of those which have not suffered from the war. Consumption has increased, prices of leaf tobacco have been fairly steady, and increases in retail prices have made up for the extra duties imposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The largest tobacco manufacturing company in this country, the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) has had a most prosperous year, the profits for the year ended October 31st last showing an increase of £166,000, as will be seen from the following figures:—

	1914.	1915.
Net Trading Profit ...	£ 3,533,359	3,699,891
Balance forward ...	132,988	183,123
	3,666,347	3,883,014
Fees, Depreciation, &c. ...	414,871	491,077
General Reserve ...	1,000,000	1,000,000
	2,251,476	2,391,937
5½% Cum. Pref. ...	272,759	272,759
6% Non-Cum. Pref. ...	315,628	315,628
10% Non-Cum. Pref. ...	263,822	263,822
Ordinary ...	974,403	1,113,800
	(35%)	(40%)

The ordinary dividend is paid free of income-tax, so that the actual increase is more than 5 per cent. Before arriving at the net profit, deductions are made for depreciation of buildings, plant, machinery, and investments, and sundry reserves, including this year provision for excess profit tax. The balance-sheet is a strong one, and reflects the careful and successful management of the business. That the company stands high in the estimation of investors is clear from the fact that the present yields on the Preference shares are only £5 3s. 6d. on the 5½ per cent., £5 13s. on the 6 per cent., and £5 12s. 3d. on the 10 per cent. shares.

LUCELLUM.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Funds £24,000,000

"An old and first-class office." "Low rates a distinctive feature."—*The Times*.

Chief Offices: LONDON, 61, Threadneedle Street; EDINBURGH, 64, Princes Street.

to
ed
no
er
st
ne
x.
is
y,

as
an
he
es
es
en
e,
ay
es

2
2
16
16
is,
he
gh
si-
go

ot
es
in
by
eco
ial
a
per
en

nat
ng
of
dry
ax.
ful
m-
om
are
at,

E
00